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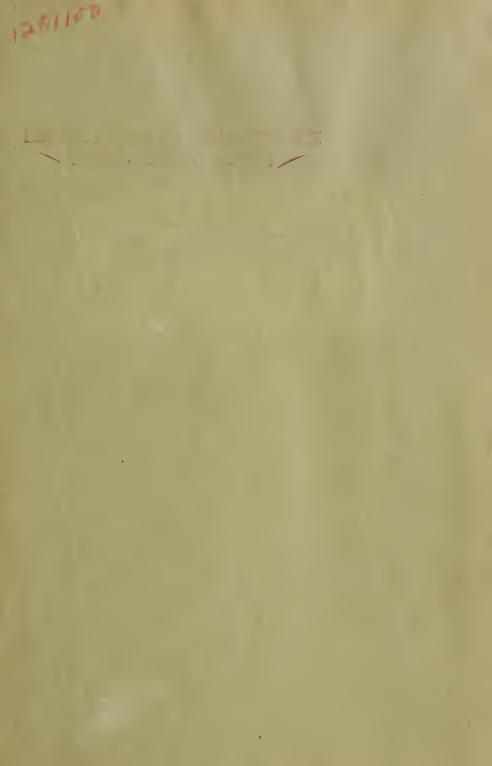


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Joyous Translers





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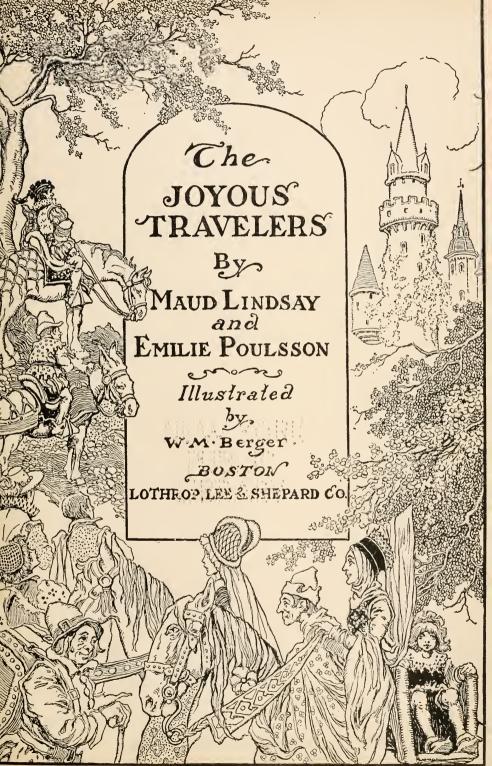
She Joyous Gravelers.







Mikile there, the oldest Sister soon R little song was heard to croon;



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THE JOYOUS TRAVELERS





Norwood Press J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co. Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

#### To the Memory 0F

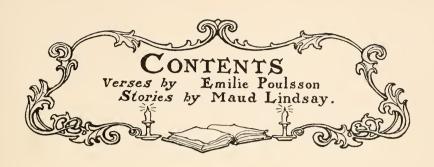
#### LAURA E. POULSSON

"That true and loving heart; that gift Of a mind earnest, clear, profound; Bestowing, with a glad unthrift, Their sunny light on all around."

THOY WINE

ON HER

YEARIN



1.	INTR	ODUCTION	v .									11
2.	THE	SQUIRE'S	LITTI	ĹΕ	SON							13
3.	THE	NURSE .										14
		WISHING-										
5.	THE	CHAPMAN	₹.									22
6.		BOY AND Chapman										24
7.		OLDER SI										30
	THE	CLEVER	SHEPI	IEF	RDES	SS.	TALE	Тот	LD B	Y T	HE	
	Oldi	ER SISTER	٠		٠	•	٠					32
9.	THE .	AUNT .	•			٠	٠					41
10.	THE '	TWO COM	IPANI(	ONS	5. T.	ALE	Told	ву т	HE A	UNT		42
11.	THE	FARMER			٠							52
12.	GAFFI FARM	ER WISEI										54
13.	THE :	FARMER'S										61
		TTY IS A										
	THE	Farmer's 1	Daught	ER						٠.		63
15.	MUSIC	C: SONG	OF FA	ARN	IER'	S D	AUG	HTE	R			66
16.	THE S	SCHOLAR	•									68
17.	THE	MERRY C	LOWN		TALE	Tol	D BY	THE	Sсно	LAR		70
18.	THE	SCHOLAR	HIS V	VAI	ND							77
19.		LITTLE C										78
20.		SQUIRE'S										87
					7							

		PAGE
21.	THE THREE SONS. TALE TOLD BY THE SQUIRE'S LADY	
22.	BY THE WAYSIDE	96
23.	LADY CICELY WENT A-MAYING. SECOND TALE	
	Told by the Older Sister	98
24.	MUSIC: LADY CICELY'S SONG	104
25.	THE CHAPMAN HIS RETURN	106
26.	BARNABY'S GOOSE. SECOND TALE TOLD BY THE	
	Chapman	108
27.	THE YOUNGER SISTER	113
28.	LUCY ON MAY MORNING. TALE TOLD BY THE	
	Younger Sister	114
29.	THE YOUNG LORD'S SERVANT	120
30.	MASTER FOX. TALE TOLD BY THE YOUNG LORD'S	
	Servant	121
31.	THE SCOTCH MAID	127
32.	OLAF OF THE GOLDEN HARP. TALE TOLD BY THE	
	Scotch Maid	129
33.	THE YOUNG LORD	137
34.	THE QUEEN'S TREE. TALE TOLD BY THE YOUNG LORD	139
35.	THE SQUIRE	145
36.	THE WONDER-HORSE. Tale Told by the Squire .	147
37.	FAREWELL	157



While there, the Older Sister soon A little song was heard to croon, (page 97) Frontispiece PAGE Picking up the bags, they flew away to the maid's home with them 20 And never a puff would his bellows get . . . . . . 26 A shadowy, mist-veiled form, the dumfounded lad did see 28 "You can see him yonder, with his velvet gown tucked up to his knees" . . . . . . . . . . 34 35 "A murrain on you for your carelessness!" cried the master 43 "Never be disheartened," said Courage . . . . . 45 And lo, the lance had driven through the shield! . . . . 50 Gaffer Wiseman did not want to be king . . . . 56 "Aye," said the youth, when he had heard all. — "but first I must take the pig home"....... 59 Till 'bove the black hill rising she saw the sun's red rim! 63 Who there but Hobby Ploughboy should greet her with a smile! 64 "And Susan's still in bed" . . . . . . . . . 65 "Come now," said the King, "what is all this noise about?" 71 The King made the clown one of his chief counselors . 74 80 Oh, never had he seemed so small!. 82 Exultantly they bore him home . . . 85 Which of them she loved the best she could not have told you 89 91 Presently the Lord Mayor sent for him . . . . . . . 92 He plucked a nosegay of early flowers to take to his mother. 94

		PAGE
She went, and the little page with her, from her father's castle		99
But of her great danger Lady Cicely was unaware		100
There were some ill-mannered enough to laugh at it		109
And Larry, poor lad, was fain to haste him away		111
Right willingly the little maid the woeful rent did mend		116
Until the sparkling water to the sick dame she had brought .		117
"Come, Lucy, come," and toward her trooped the village children	en	
all	٠	118
Jog-trot, the farmer was off and away	٠	123
"'Twas no way to carry a fox!" cried Goody Know-It-All .		125
Olaf of the Golden Harp sang to the King's daughter		130
"Open to us, for this house we shall possess!"	٠	133
He gained the door unseen		135
"The King has come!"		136
Forth she fared from London Town		141
"Be True," in letters bold		142
"Grow and keep my memory green"		143
"That horse shall be mine own"		150
"As much silver as my hat will hold"		151
With stamping feet he greeted them		152
Sore wounded from his horse he fell		155



### Introduction

NCE in the month of May when the cuckoo sang and the hawthorn bloomed, certain Joyous Travelers met at an inn by the King's highway.

And because their ways lay in the same direction and because they liked good company and merry they agreed to travel together.

A Squire there was and his Lady,

Their Little Son and his good Nurse;

Two Sisters young and fair,

Their Aunt and her Scotch Maid;

An Oxford Scholar on a holiday,

A Chapman with his pack upon his back,

A Farmer and his Daughter who were fresh from sights of London Town,

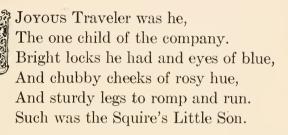
And with his Servant Lad, a sturdy fellow, a Young Lord hastening to his manor.

And so it befell that when they stopped to rest at inn, or brook, or 'neath some greenwood tree, first one and then another told a tale to please the Squire's Little Son; nor, if the truth were known, were they less eager listeners than the child.

"A good tale is good fare for young and old," the Squire said.

And of the Joyous Travelers not one was missing when the tales went round. Thus did they travel pleasantly from meeting place to journey's end.

## Che Squire's Liffle Son.



Tho' strong and bold,—his father's lad,—His mother's tender heart he had; And, taught by her, would often find Some childish way of being kind.
The love of all he quickly won.
Such was the Squire's Little Son.

In active sport, from morn to night, And ventures bold he took delight. Yet always from his frolics wild A promised tale would win the child. Scarce would he stir till it was done. Such was the Squire's Little Son.

And so right glad was he, when they — The Joyous Travelers on their way — Told tales of hero, beast, or elf, Of saints, of children like himself, Or comic tales with jokes and fun; All pleased the Squire's Little Son.

## The Nurse.

N well-starched, towering cap of white
The nurse was an imposing sight;
Yet jollity was written in
Her chubby face and double chin.
Smile-wrinkles wreathed her mouth about,
Her cheeks like two red hills curved out.
Behind them — almost lost! — her eyes
Showed glints of fun, though keen and
wise;

And when she laughed, it was as though A jolly earthquake were let go — So did her gurgling laughter make Her roly-poly figure shake!
As some old hen with but one chick Will round it cluck and scratch and pick, The Nurse would bustle round the lad. Full loath was she to think he had His need of her at all outgrown!
And, certes, if the truth were known, He still loved, as in earlier days, Her "old wives' tales," her coddling ways;

And 'twas his pleading did prevail On her to tell them all a tale; Thus was the round of tales begun To please the Squire's Little Son.

# The Nurse's Cale. Che Wishing-Well.

NCE upon a time, when the world was young as ye are, there was a wishing-well where a body might get all the fairy gold he wanted, if only he knew how to wish for it in the right way, and went to the well at the right time.

The right time to go to the wishing-well was on Midsummer's Eve, when the beasts and the birds talked, and the fairies danced, trip-it-light, all-the-night, up and down the dells. Never a one but agreed to that.

But how to wish for the fairy gold was another matter.

He who seeks the wishing-well All alone must be; Sit him down upon the brink, Wish with wishes three.

Just as poor as when he came, Home his way he'll wend, If he does not truly tell How the gold he'll spend.

An' he please not fairy folk, Wish he what he may, Never from the wishing-well, Gold he'll take away. This was all that the wisest ones in the land could tell about the wishing; and how to please the fairies a body had to find out for himself.

But nevertheless there were folks a-plenty who wanted to go to the wishing-well; and among these were two maids who were bonny alike, and blithe alike, and of the very same age.

Once they got in the way of thinking of the fairy gold, they could not get out of it; and when Midsummer's Eve came round, nothing would do but that go to the well they must. And so they did.

The first maid started so early that she had to take her supper, which was a fine slice of cake, in her hand. And as she was hurrying through the woods, a little bird on a hazel-bush said to her, said he:

"If ye'll share your cake with me, I am the one who will tell ye all about the wishing at the wishing-well."

The maid did not care to share her cake, but because she wanted to know what the bird had to tell, she broke off a wee corner of her slice, — so wee that it was naught but a crumb, — and gave it to him. Whereupon the bird said, said he:

"One wish for your best loved, one wish for the one who needs it most, one wish for yourself, — three wishes all told will get for you the fairy gold."

The maid was not over-pleased with what she heard.

"'Tis large pay for little learning," she said to herself; and when she came to the wishing-well, nothing would do but she must wish the wish for herself first.

So she sat down on the well's brink and wished for

gold to buy a gown all covered with jewels and diamonds, and golden slippers to wear on her feet.

And — do ye believe it? — the wish had scarcely left the tip of her tongue when, *clink*, *clank*, down upon the well's brink came a bag filled with more gold than she had ever laid eyes on before.

She did not waste time looking at it though, for no sooner had she taken one peep into the bag than she was at her wishing again.

"A wish for my best loved," said she; for little as she liked it, she could not forget what the bird had said. And she thought of her mother, but she did not wish a wish for her.

"It's no wish for herself, but one for me that my mother would want," said she. "And how could I walk about the street in a gown covered with pearls and diamonds? I must have something to ride in."

So she wished for gold to buy a coach and horses as fine as the King's own. And the wish had scarcely left her lips when, *clink*, *clank*, down upon the well's brink came another bag of gold larger and heavier than the first.

"Now for the last wish," said the maid, as soon as she saw the second bag of gold. "A wish for the one who needs it most."

"Well, I am sure," said she, "I know of no one who needs it more than myself; for how can I live in a hut of a house with all my fine things?"

So she wished for gold to build a house as grand as the house where the King and Queen lived. And the words were scarcely spoken when, clink, clank, down came a third bag of gold, as large and heavy as the other two put together.

"The Prince himself may ask me to marry him, when he sees me in my bonny clothes, riding in my fine chariot, away from my grand house," said the maid; and she caught hold of the bags to run away home with them.

But the smallest of them was heavier than she could lift, though she tried with all the strength that was in her. And — do ye believe it? — as she was pulling and tugging and striving and toiling to carry them away, she pushed the bags over the brink! *Clink*, *clank*, they went to the bottom of the well, and there they still lie, so it is said.

"It is all because of that wicked bird," said the maid, fairly crying with vexation; and she ran through the woods with so little heed that she missed her way and did not get home till the peep of dawn.

Now the second maid started to the well a little later than the first, but still so early that she had to take her supper, which was a slice of fresh bread, in her hand. And as she was hurrying through the woods, a little bird on a hazel-bush said to her, said he:

"If ye'll share your bread with me, I'm the one that will tell ye all about the wishing at the wishing-well."

The maid was glad to share her bread with him.

"It's little to pay to learn so much," said she. And she broke the bread and gave the larger part to the bird.

Whereupon the bird said, said he:

"One wish for your best loved, one wish for the one who needs it most, one wish for yourself — three wishes all told — will get for ye the fairy gold."

The maid was right pleased with what she heard and when she came to the well she said to herself:

"A wish for my best loved. That's Mother," she said, "and it's new clothes she's needing this very day."

So she sat on the well's brink and wished for gold to buy her mother new clothes from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet. "A bonnet, a shawl, a dress, and new shoes," said she. And — do ye believe it? — the wish had scarcely left the tip of her tongue when, clink, clank, down upon the well's brink came a bag filled with more gold than she had ever laid eyes on before.

"Oh," said the maid, clapping her hands with delight at the sight of it, "it's a proud woman my mother will be this night!" And she would have run away home with her good news if it had not been for the second wish—"A wish for the one that needs it most."

"And who could that be but the old shoemaker, poor body, with his feet so twisted with rheumatism that he cannot get to the church on a Sunday," said she. "He must have something to ride in."

So she wished for gold to buy the shoemaker a coach and horses as fine as the King's own.

And the wish had scarcely left her lips when, clink,

clank, down came a bag of gold larger and heavier than the first.

"Oh," cried the maid, when she saw it, "my heart is jumping out of my body for joy!" And she was



PICKING UP THE BAGS, THEY FLEW AWAY TO THE MAID'S HOME WITH THEM.

so eager to be off with her good news that she was near to forgetting the last wish — a wish for herself. "'Tis a shame to ask for more," said she; but because of what the bird and the wise folks had told her, she wished again:

"A wee bit of gold to buy slippers to dance in at

the Prince's wedding, when he gets himself a wife," said she, laughing so hard at the thought of it that her laughter rang in the bottom of the well. And she had not done laughing when, clink, clank, down came a third bag of gold larger and heavier than the other two put together.

It was a puzzle how to get them all home, for the smallest was too heavy for her to lift. But—do ye believe it?—before she had time to lay a finger to the bags, with a whisk-about, whirl-about, all the fairy folk stood around her.

"By your leave," said they; and picking up the bags as if they were filled with nothing but feathers, they flew away to the maid's home with them.

"It's all because of that bonny bird," said the maid, following after them with her cheeks as red as roses and her eyes as bright as the stars.

And on the way she met the Prince, who was so pleased with her happy looks that he asked her to marry him. And marry him she did, with slippers on her feet that were bought with fairy gold, so it is said.

# Fie Chapman.

He traveled on the king's highway,
This Chapman shrewd, who knew full
well

What wiles to use his wares to sell.

Yet though for trade so keen his sense,

Of other things than pounds and pence

He thought; and many a kindness showed

The while he traveled o'er the road.

When lass or lad with wistful eye,
His chap-books fondled, yet to buy
No penny had, quick would he heed,
And some good tale aloud would read.
And did a housewife somewhat lack
Not found within his well-filled pack,
Long miles he'd trudge, up hill and down,
To fetch it her from London Town.

In sing-song voice the Chapman cried His wares, with knapsack opened wide: "Tapes, needles, bodkins, laces, quills, Wax, gallipots of ointments, pills, Pomades and powders, scents and snuff, Physics and philters, silken stuff, Gay kickshaws, too, of every kind, And chap-books to inform the mind!"

Each Joyous Traveler made haste
To buy what matched his means and taste.
Till heavy was the Chapman's purse
And light his heart. So when the Nurse
Had told about the wishing-well,
Quoth he, "An't please you, I can tell
A tale of marvel unto you
This Southern country never knew."



Once, twice, thrice! And now the tale begins! Thrice happy I, if that your grace it wins.

Now many good smiths there have always been And many good smiths there be.

But the unseen smith of the hidden forge —

— Ah, magical might had he!

Not mortal the strength of his brawny arm, Nor came he of mortal race; Yet here did he live, to serve mortal men Who knew not his name or place.

Condemned had he been for some wrongful deed; For this, to the earth was sent To labor unseen and unknown, until Released from his punishment.

Like humblest of smiths must be tend his forge, Like poorest must take his fee; And wait for some grateful heart's grateful word, That, only, could set him free.

Among the rough rocks was his smithy hid, Far off from the market town, Yet never for customers did he lack; All sought him, from king to clown.

Came noble and knight; came outlaw, page, Came riders from hut and hall. Came jogging farmer and dashing beau; To him they came, one and all.

To all, the mysterious blacksmith gave The skillfulest help e'er known. The fee was a sixpence, no less, no more, Put down on a certain stone.

From begum or beggar, no more, no less, A sixpence from rich or poor. And sixpence the high and the low must pay To the smith on the lonely moor.

And never a puff would his bellows get. Nor would he his anvil smite,
Till only the beast to be shod was near.
He worked not in mortal's sight.

But once left alone how his hammer beat! How the sparks flew up, — high in air! How brightened the sky, above the gray rocks, In his forge-fire's sudden flare!



AND NEVER A PUFF WOULD HIS BELLOWS GET.

Each time that he fashioned a horse's shoe, Or tightened a loos'ning nail, Or straightened a warrior's crooked lance, Or mended a coat of mail,

He wistfully thought, "Now perhaps this man The long-looked-for man will be, Who'll give with his sixpence a word of thanks, The word that will set me free!"

Alack and alas! They were heedless folk, So day after day he wrought, And month after month did he serve them well, Yet no one to thank him thought. As soon as the blacksmith their work had done They all rode their various ways. The begum, the beggar, the king, the clown, Without any thanks or praise.

Whatever the service, whomever he served, He won but the sixpence fee, Until in despair he could only think That freed he should never be.

But as it befell on a morn of May A country lad brought his mare. "I pray you, shoe quickly my Meg," he called, "That soon I may reach the Fair."

His sixpence he placed on the proper stone, His mare he left loose hard by; Then hastened away that the smith might work Unseen by a mortal eye.

While waiting, he sang with a lusty voice, Some songs from a "Ballett book"— (A treasure just bought from a chapman's pack,) The breezes the gay songs took

To where the grim smith with despairing heart But willing hands worked away; And lo! as he heard the gay songs, he too Began to be glad and gay!

And while the lad sang with his "Tra-la-la!" The smith beat a "Clang! Cling-clang!"



A SHADOWY, MIST-VEILED FORM, THE DUMFOUNDED LAD DID SEE.

Till merriest music that merry morn 'Mid echoing rocks loud rang.

So soon did the mare amble forth well-shod, So quickly the work was done, "My faith!" cried the lad, "Any other smith By now would have just begun!"

In joyfulest haste did he mount the mare, And say, as he stroked her flank, "We'll be at the Fair ere the drum-beat calls! For that the good smith we thank!"

Now scarce had he uttered his grateful word Before a glad voice cried "Free!" And something — a shadowy, a mist-veiled form, The dumfounded lad did see.

Then "Free! Free! Free!" the lad heard again As vanished that figure vast; He stared in amaze; then to tell the tale Away to the Fair he rode fast.

No din of a forge and no hammer stroke Has clanged o'er that moorland since; But the lad, in prosperity, from that day Lived happy as any prince!

Once, twice, thrice! And now the tale is done. Tell me true. Has it your favor won?

## Gie Older Sister.

HE Older Sister, into girlhood grown,

Was fair and lovely as a rose half-blown.

Around her smiling mouth the dimples played;

And from her thoughtful brow, soft ringlets strayed;

Flower-like her beauty, yet her goodliest dower

Was that she bloomed unconscious as a flower.

At times as sportive as a young gazelle, Sedately quiet was she oft, as well, Bethinking her that romping ill became Her sixteen years.

Anon, with broidery-frame, She sat and to her elders' converse lent (As seemly was) quick ear and mind attent.

Quick also was her eager, glancing eye:
She saw what others passed unseeing by.
She loved the small wild creatures of the wood;
Their haunts she knew, their wild ways understood.
Were she alone, she charmed the squirrels near,
And e'en the timorous hares forgot their fear.

And when her tuneful bird-calls she would sound, With tuneful answer birds came hov'ring round.

Her lively mind held dreams and fancies sweet, And many a drollery and quaint conceit; For pastime from this motley she would take Now this, now that, and simple tales would make; One such, she, blushing, told; and at its close, Looked more than ever like a lovely rose!





King once made three riddles of which he was so proud that he offered to give three pieces of silver, as round and as bright as the full moon, to the one who guessed them.

But if any tried and failed, then must be tend the King's geese for as many days as there were riddles.

And there was much merriment at the King's court because of this; for though every lord and lady there was fain to try the riddles, not one could find the right answers for them.

The fine ladies and gentlemen were not the only ones who tested their wits with the King's riddles, for the news of his offer traveled fast, and many who had nothing to do with the court came there to try the guessing.

But still the silver pieces lay in the King's moneybags unclaimed; and the geese had keepers in plenty.

Now, there was in the King's country a little shepherdess who fed her flock in a fair meadow not far from the palace; and she, too, heard of the riddles and longed to guess them.

"Others try, and why not I?" she said to herself; and when she had thought the matter over for as many days as the years she was old, she hired her a herder to take care of the sheep and went with a good courage to the palace.

When she came there and told her errand, the King's servants were astonished.

"Why, the King's own counselor tends the geese to-day — you can see him yonder, with his velvet gown tucked up to his knees and a willow switch in his hands. How can you hope to do what he has failed in?" they said.

But the little shepherdess would not be discouraged.

"If the King's counselor keeps the geese, surely I can tend them, if I must, and feel no shame," said she; "but first I shall try the riddles."

And when they saw that they could not persuade her, they took her to the King, who was never loath to tell his riddles; for every time he told them he liked them better.

"Will you hear all and then guess, or will you have one at a time?" he asked.





"One at a time, if it please Your Majesty," answered the little shepherdess.

So the King said:

"Out in the green field
I saw Curlykin
With my coat upon his back.
I did not lend it,
He did not steal it;
Nor was he chapman
Carrying his pack.
Yet in the green field
Saw I Curlykin
With my coat upon his back."

The little shepherdess thought it was a marvelous riddle, the best she had ever heard.

"And how long did it take to make such a fine riddle?" she asked.

"All night I lay awake thinking of it," answered the King, proudly.

"Then," said the little shepherdess, "'tis plain to see that I cannot hope to guess the riddle in less time than Your Majesty took to make it; but if I come not with an answer on the morrow's morn, I shall tend the geese gladly."

And the King was the more willing to let her have her way because the riddle had pleased her.

So the little shepherdess went back to her meadow; and calling her sheep about her, she sat down under an oak-tree to think.

First she thought of everybody of whom she had ever heard who might be called Curlykin. Then she thought of the King's coat, and who might wear it; but the more she thought, the more puzzled she grew. And she was just about to give the riddle up, when her eyes fell upon her sheep, with their soft curly wool all ready for the shearer.

"May I never watch another flock if I have not the answer!" she cried, as she gazed upon them; and then she gathered them together and took them home, and went to bed, and to sleep, too, as if there were not a King or a riddle in the world.

But she was up early the next morn, and at the pal-

ace by the time the breakfast dishes were set before the King.

"And have you brought an answer with you?" asked the King, when he saw her.

"If it please Your Majesty," said the little shepherdess; and dropping him a curtsy, she spoke out clearly so that all might hear:

"A gentle lamb the King's coat wears, Forsooth, because the wool he bears Soon by the shearer will be shorn, To spinner, weaver, tailor borne, And by the King at last be worn."

And she was right. How she guessed it, no one could imagine, but "A Lamb" was the answer.

The King was so astonished at her cleverness that he made haste to give her the second riddle:

"Riddle me, riddle me, what can it be?
As I went home across the lea,
I met a merry minstrel there,
Singing lustily.
He kissed me, he chased me,
He snatched my bonnet from me;
Yet as I went across the lea,
No merry minstrel did I see."

Again the little shepherdess asked for time in which to guess the riddle.

"But if I come not by the morrow's morn with an answer, then will the geese have a new keeper," said she, curtsying again.

And when the King had consented to this, she re-

turned to her meadow, and, calling her sheep about her, sat down under the oak-tree to think.

First, she thought of all the minstrels of whom she had ever heard. Then she thought of the fairy folk and elves, that hide themselves from sight; but the more she thought, the more puzzled she grew. And she was just about to give the riddle up, when the wind, that had been singing in the tree-top all the while, blew by in a sudden gust and carried off her kerchief.

"May I be a goose-girl forever if I have not the answer!" said the shepherdess, as she ran to get the kerchief; and she puzzled no more that day.

She roamed in the sunshine and rested in the shade; and when evening came, she took the sheep home, and went to bed, and to sleep, too, as if there were not a riddle or a King in the world.

But she was early at the palace the next morn.

"What, have you an answer?" cried the King, when he saw her.

"If it please Your Majesty," said the little shepherdess, dropping a curtsy before him; and she spoke out clearly so that all might hear:

"The merry wind a minstrel is, A-singing lustily; And many a prank he plays in glee; Yet none the merry wind can see."

And she was right. However she had guessed it, no one could imagine, but "The Wind" was the answer.

The King was so astonished at her cleverness that he made haste to put to her the last riddle:

"Lady Green Mantle climbs over the wall, With never a stumble and never a fall; But though on the highest of towers she's found, She never lifts up her feet from the ground."

The little shepherdess asked once more for time in which to guess the riddle.

"But if on the morrow's morn I come not with an answer," said she, "then shall I be a goose-girl indeed."

And once more the King let her have her way, for how to refuse her he did not know.

So the little shepherdess went back to her meadow, and, calling her sheep about her, sat under the oaktree to think.

First she thought of all the fine ladies she had ever seen. Then she thought of all the climbers of whom she had ever heard; but she could not think of an answer for the King's riddle. She puzzled over it all the rest of the day, and on the way home with her sheep at evening. When she went to bed she could not sleep for thinking of it; yet the morrow's morn found her without an answer.

She would fain have stayed away from the King's palace, but she knew she must go. So when she had taken her sheep to the meadow and left them there with the herder, she started on her way, as slow as a snail.

But slowly as she walked, she came to the palace too soon to please herself; and she was just dragging her feet up the steps, when she heard one of the King's servants say to another:

"Look you, how the ivy has covered the tower window."

The little shepherdess looked too, and all at once her heart, that had been as heavy as lead, grew as light as a feather.

"May I never guess another riddle if I have not the answer!" she said to herself as she hastened up the palace steps to seek the King.

And when he had questioned her and she had made her curtsy before him, she spoke out clearly, so that all might hear:

"The ivy, with its mantle green,
On many an olden wall is seen;
But though on highest towers 'tis found,
Its roots are firm within the ground."

And as soon as the King heard the answer, he sent for his money-bags and bestowed the silver pieces upon her; and he was the better pleased to do this because he saw that she was as good a riddle guesser as he was a riddle maker.



## The Munt.

HE Aunt who, with the Sisters twain, Had joined the Joyous Travelers' train,

Was wont so much at home to stay That fears beset her all the way.

She feared that robbers might attack;

That wolves might come in savage pack; Or that some unknown perils might Be lurking near by day and night.

Her timid nature won the name
Of "Lady Fear-all" for the dame.
Yet did the company soon see
How brave this timid Aunt could be.

For when her charge, the Younger Maid, To pluck some flowers aside had strayed, And, adder-bit, was like to die From poison, were no wise help nigh,

Who but the Aunt to rescue flew?
With her own lips the poison drew
From out the wound, the child to save? —
A deed unselfish as 'twas brave.

Strange tale it was she chose to tell, But that it suited her right well They all agreed; and each one thought In silence on the truth it taught.



An armorer skilled in the making of lances, swords, helmets and shields, and all that pertains to the armor of brave knights, had as apprentice, a young lad. And this lad made one day, at his master's forge, a lance.

Now how to make a lance he knew full well, having been taught the pattern by his master half a hundred times; but as he worked that day, he seemed to see before him a lance of different fashion from that which he had learned; aye, and one better and stronger and sharper than any ever forged before.

So plainly did this lance appear to him that he laid down his hammer and reached out to grasp it. But his hands closed only on empty air; and when he rubbed his eyes and looked again, behold, no lance was there!

"A plague upon my dreaming!" said he, returning to his task; but when he had finished his own lance it was liker to his dream than to the master's pattern, which vexed the armorer full sore.

"Have I taught you nothing that you should bring me such as this?" he cried; and he bade the lad thrust the lance into the fire and model it again

The lad was a good lad, and did his master's bidding

without a murmur. Yet no sooner did he set about his task anew than, clearer and fairer than before, the vision came; and when again his work was done, the lance he had made was more than ever like the one of



"A MURRAIN ON YOU FOR YOUR CARELESSNESS!" CRIED THE MASTER.

which he dreamed, and less than ever like those which hung in the shop of the armorer.

"A murrain on you for your carelessness!" cried the master; and he bade the lad heat the iron once more and quickly too, lest he feel a stick upon his back. But though the fire had power to melt the iron, neither the master's anger nor the lad's desire to please him had power to change the witching vision; and when for a third time the lad had shaped the metal, lo! it was as if the dream lance itself lay upon the anvil before him. Aye, and in his heart's heart, the lad felt that he had made a stronger, sharper, better lance than any ever forged by armorer.

But the master was of different opinion, and he bade the lad seek another craft. "Carelessness may be checked by a rod, but for lack of wit there is no cure; and an armorer you can never be," quoth he.

Yet because of the lad's faithful service, and the good will he had toward him in spite of his stupidity, he desired to bestow upon him a parting gift.

"Here is a steel cap to guard your silly head from harm, or a knife with broad blade with which to fend yourself against the wolves, or an ax which can be used in war or peace. Come, take your choice," he said.

But the lad would have naught but the lance which he had made, and with this he went out into the world.

And as he went, there came to walk and talk with him two, the names of which were called, the one, Despair, and the other, Courage.

"All is lost!" cried Despair. "You have failed in what you care for most. If you cannot be an armorer, what is there left for you to be?"

"Nay, never be disheartened," said Courage.

"What matters it if the master has cast you out? The lance is a good one, for all he says."

"Aye, but who will believe it?" cried Despair.



"NEVER BE DISHEARTENED," SAID COURAGE.

"The armorer is armorer to the duke, and none will gainsay him."

"Prove the lance, and duke and armorer alike will praise you," said Courage.

The lad had listened first to one and then to the

other, scarce knowing which to heed, but now he roused himself.

"I will prove it to them both and to more than they!" he said; and he walked on so briskly that Despair, which was ever a laggard of foot as well as of heart, was left behind. But of this the lad was unaware, so busy was he with plans of how and where and when to test the lance.

The duke, who had been long in foreign lands, he had never seen; but there were many gallant knights at home, and, among these, surely true worth would find a friend, he thought.

And as if in answer to his thought, he spied coming toward him a young knight clad in splendid armor from head to toe. His helmet shone like a great jewel in the sunlight; his coat of mail was woven of glittering links of steel; and as for his shield, it was like a looking-glass without blur or spot.

"Here, surely, is he whom I seek," said the lad to himself; and he lifted up the lance and besought the knight to look with favor on it.

"But 'tis shorter by a foot than any at the duke's court," cried the young knight. "I should be the laughing-stock of all if I came there with such a bauble!" And he laughed, himself, as he galloped away.

"It will ever be the same," said Despair, creeping up to join the lad as he stood to watch the gay knight go. "What use is it to make better lances, when all are pleased with lances as they are? You will have naught but ridicule for your painstaking."

"A laugh never yet made a lance nor broke one," said Courage. "And youth, 'twas ever said, is thoughtless. Yonder rides a knight of years and, doubtless, wisdom. 'Tis to such as he that you must go.'

And the lad took counsel of Courage and awaited the coming of the second knight.

The elder knight had no splendid garb of which to boast, but none the less he bore himself with so much pride and dignity that the armorer's lad doffed cap, and bent knee before him.

"Good sir," said he, "here is a lance the like of which I claim was never forged before. 'Tis shorter than all others, but for that very reason is less cumbersome; 'tis slenderer than that you bear, but stronger I will warrant you; and though its handle has a different turn, it is the easier to grasp and hold."

But the elder knight would not even look at it.

"The lance my father and my father's father bore is good enough for me," said he; and he, too, passed on his way, leaving the lad staring wistfully after him.

"None will hear you!" cried Despair. "Go hire you for a turnspit, for sooner or later you must come to that."

And the lad would have gone had not Courage hindered him.

"Coward!" quoth he; and at the word the lad sprang forward as if in truth a master's stick had struck him stingingly.

There were no more knights upon the road, but

as the lad with his two companions journeyed on, he came to a man of grave and thoughtful countenance, riding upon a red roan horse. And the man, seeing the lance in the lad's hand, inquired forthwith where he had gotten it and who the maker was.

His manner was one of authority, and whether because of this or because of a kindly smile that lay not on his lips, but in his eyes, he soon had the whole story from the lad.

What he thought of it he did not say; but he bade his servant who galloped up just then, take the lad, an he willed to go, behind him on his horse to the duke's castle.

"For," said he, "the duke, who has come but now from his travels, has brought with him a marvelous shield, of which it is said that no lance can pierce it. And the duke having fancy to put this to the test, and likewise to make sport for his court, has set up the shield in his courtyard, where to-morrow morn the knights will try their skill with it. And this much I will promise you in the duke's name — if you go thither, your lance shall have trial also."

The lad was fain to do this, but even as his foot was in the stirrup, Despair took hold upon him, crying: "It is vain to make the test. 'Twill but disgrace you more!"

And so true did the words seem that the lad hung back till Courage prodded him and called:

"No trial, no proof. Up and away!"

It was nightfall when the duke's castle was reached,

but the lad had good lodging with the man's servant; and the next morning this same servant took him before the duke.

And behold, the duke was no other than the man who had befriended him!

"That which the traveler promised, I will uphold," he said; and he bade the lad stand by until such time when he should beckon him; for already the knights were gathering for the sport.

The shield which the duke had brought across the sea was made of proven steel by a master hand, and the lad's heart beat hard and fast, as one by one the knights essayed to pierce it.

The first to try was the young knight of the mirror shield. As gayly as a bird flies from a green bough in the spring, he spurred his steed across the lists and hurled his lance against the shield. But for all his youth and all his confidence, the shield withstood his thrust, and he was forced to return to his place with downcast hopes and a bent lance.

Many another tried and failed, and at last it was the turn of the old knight whom the lad had met upon the road. But though he rushed upon the shield with the force of a great rock falling from a mountain-side, the lance that his father and his father's father had borne, splintered in the shock; for in truth it was somewhat rusted.

Then the cry went up to grant the shield the victory; but this the duke would not allow.

"I will myself assail this doughty shield," he



AND LO, THE LANCE HAD DRIVEN THROUGH THE SHIELD!

cried; and beckoning the lad, he took the lance from him.

The lad could scarcely believe his ears or eyes; and as he stood with bated breath to watch the duke ride forth, who should come close but dark Despair and gallant Courage.

"The lance will break!" cried one.

"An if it does, you will yet make a better one," the other said.

But even as Courage spoke, there rose a shout: "The duke! the duke! The shield is pierced!"

And lo, as clearly as an arrow cleaves its mark, the lance had driven through the shield! Yet when they looked to see, it was not broken, neither was it bent.

"'Tis a good lance, although I cast it out," cried the duke's armorer, who had come with the rest to watch the sport. And he looked with pride upon the lad, for, after all, had he not taught him much?

"Aye, 'tis a good lance," said the duke; and he bade the armorer take the lad with him, that they two together might make new lances for the knights both young and old.

And it is said that Courage went with the lad, and abode with him all the days of his life. But of Despair my tale tells no more.

## She Karmer.

HE Farmer was thrifty, the Farmer was wise;

Went early to bed, and was early to rise;

Was sharp as a needle and brisk as a bee;

Risked not all his eggs in one basket, not he!

Made hay while the sun shone; and well had he learned

That one penny saved is worth two pennies earned.

Well-tended his garden and orchard and field; Hard labor they cost him, but rich was their yield. With bins full and cellars full, barns full beside, And no little gold in his money-bags tied, Some pleasuring could he, though prudent, afford; For he was no miser to scrimp and to hoard.

So when the wise Farmer had time and to spare 'Twas "Come, Wife," or "Come, Lass, we'll off to the Fair";

Or "Up with you, Daughter, on pillion; and we Will ride on big Dobbin, gay London to see."

The Travelers liked him but wondered a bit If he, though so shrewd, to tell tales had the wit.

He said that he used not the gentlefolk's speech,
'Twas only a plain tale his plain tongue could reach.
But could they be patient with lack of fine words,
And a voice like a crow's among sweet-singing birds,
He'd tell them a tale, — 'twas the best one he knew, —
And forthwith began it without more ado.



NCE upon a time there was a kingdom without a king; for the old king had died, leaving neither chick nor child to come after him.

"A kingdom without a king is like a flock without a herder," said the people of the land. "Let us make haste to choose ourselves a king lest one whom we choose not, thrust himself upon us."

And on a certain day they met together to make their choice. But as there were as many minds about the matter as there were people at the meeting, they were hard put to it to decide whom they should have for king.

"Hal the miller is a good fellow, and a stout one. He can fend for himself and for us, too, I'll warrant. Let us make him our choice," said one.

"No, no!" cried another. "Who would mind the mill and grind the grain in his stead? 'Tis no easier to do without a miller than a king."

"Then," said a third, "there is the barber's son, who does nothing. It were small loss and great gain to make a king of him."

"Not so fast!" called a fourth; "for I have often heard it said that those who do nothing make others do too much."

And so it went among them till at last some one bethought him of the oldest man in the kingdom, who was also named the wisest.

"Let us make him king," said he; and as none could think of an objection to this, they went straightway to the gaffer's house to tell him the news.

But Gaffer Wiseman did not want to be king, and for this he gave three reasons:

He was older than he was young. He looked backward oftener than he looked forward. And he would rather hear a cricket chirp on his own hearthstone than a nightingale sing elsewhere.

"But as for a king," said he, "an you will give me leave, I shall find him for you."

And when they had agreed to this, he took his staff in his hand and went out to the highway where many people passed.

Everybody was going the same way that day, and when Gaffer looked about to see why this was so, he spied, far ahead, a piper piping away like a thrush in May. Heyday, 'twas a merry tune he played, enough to set every lass and every lad a-dancing! It was no wonder that the crowd followed after him, hay foot and straw foot!

But presently, as Gaffer Wiseman went with the rest, he spied a lad who was trudging along away from the piper and the crowd as if he did not see or hear them.

"How now," said Gaffer to him. "Thou art young, and the young should be gay. Dost thou not like the piping and the dance?"

"Aye, that do I," said the youth; "but when a man's feet must carry him to seek his fortune, they cannot follow every merry tune."

"Well spoken," said Gaffer; and he left the crowd



GAFFER WISEMAN DID NOT WANT TO BE KING.

and followed the youth, but said no more to him.

"First sight is not always true sight," he thought to himself; but, nevertheless, he liked the youth.

The young man was a brisk walker and soon out of sight, but by and by Gaffer came upon him sitting by the roadside to

eat his dinner. An oat-cake and a sausage was all he had, — and none too much for a meal, — but when he had looked at it earnestly, he divided it with great care and put the half of it into his pocket again.

"Walking is hearty work," said Gaffer, then, "and thou art sturdy. Methinks the whole cake would suit thy appetite better than the half."

"Aye," said the young man; "but he who eats all to-day may go hungry to-morrow; and my fortune is not yet made." "A true word!" said the old man; and he looked longingly at the youth. But he said no word of his errand.

"Hasty choice oft makes long sorrow," he thought to himself; and he walked on as if he were seeking nothing.

The young man, having soon finished his meal, caught up with him, however, and then the two walked together.

And as they walked they spied a wee laddie crying as if his heart would break, for a dog had stolen away his bun and he must go hungry for lack of it.

"And what manner of dog was it?" asked the young man. "Was its tail long or short? And did it have spots on its back?"

"Oh, aye," said the wee mannie, stopping his sobs to answer. "It was a tailless dog with two spots, one large and one not so large."

"Then," said the youth, smiling so gayly that for the life of him the laddie could not keep from smiling too; "thou must have dinner to eat." And he took his bread and sausage from his pocket and gave them to the child.

"How now," asked Gaffer when he saw this, "what of the morrow?"

"Didst thou never hear of the man who thought so much of the morrow that he lost to-day?" said the youth. And he went on his way laughing.

Gaffer Wiseman had more than half a mind to tell him what he was thinking; but he did not.

"It is a good thing to be cautious before you speak, for it is too late afterward," he thought to himself. So he only laughed when the young man laughed, and said nothing.

By and by, as they went, they came to a man who was trying to lead home a black-and-white pig that he had bought at market. Heyday, but it was a tug of war between them! Man pulled this way, piggy ran that way. Man ran that way, piggy pulled this way!

"I would give a shilling, and never begrudge the giving, to any lad who would get this pig home for me," said the man, stopping to rest as Gaffer and the youth came up; "for if he and I are together much longer, it will be the worse for one of us, and which one that will be I do not know."

"I am seeking my fortune," said the youth, then; "and a shilling, honestly got, lies as well in a poor man's pocket as a golden guinea in a rich man's purse."

And when he had said this he bade Gaffer good day, and took the leading-string from the man.

Then Gaffer made haste to go, by a short cut, to the place where the people were waiting to hear his choice.

"I have found you a king!" he said as soon as he got breath to speak.

"What is he like? And where is he?" cried the people.

"He does not dislike the way of others, but he goes his own way; he is saving, but not too saving; he has a manner with children, the like of which was never



"Aye," said the Youth, when He Had Heard All,—"But First I Must Take the Pig Home."

seen before; and he is leading a little black-and-white pig down the highway," said Gaffer.

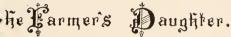
Then all the people went out to meet the youth. And presently they spied him coming with the black-and-white pig trotting at his heels as contented as you please; for the young man had had the thought to beg a handful of corn from a farmer's wagon that he passed, and was dropping a grain now and then to toll the swine on.

"What is this?" he asked when he saw all the people coming toward him.

"'Tis fortune seeking thee," said Gaffer, who was spokesman; and then he laid the whole matter of the king before him.

"Aye," said the youth, when he had heard all, "to be a king pleases me well; but first I must take the pig home."

And it is said that he made as good a king as Gaffer Wiseman had thought he would when he met him on the highway.



Were not more wholesome, sweet and sound
Than was the Farmer's Daughter, who
Had cheeks as red as apples, too.
For by the selfsame wind and sun
Their rosy coloring was done.

Naught did she know of A B C

Nor would. When told, "Look 'tis a B—"
Right scornfully she tossed her head;
"'Tis like no bee of mine!" she said.
"And that is T? 'Twould never make
A dish of tea I'd care to take!
A U? Have done! Ye never knew
As I, how looks a proper ewe.
Nay, call ye such things learning, I
Content will let them all pass by!"

But though she never learned to read, To homely arts she paid good heed. Much did she know of feathered flocks Of ducks and geese, hens, chickens, cocks; And faith, 'twas said that at the Fair No poultry could with hers compare.

Nor was it with the fowl alone This sturdy damsel's wit was shown; The weakling lambs and calves she nursed, 'Mong clever dairy maids ranked first; While pudding, pie or savory dish She cooked, was all a King could wish.

When once the Travelers tarried long 'Neath spreading oak, "Come lass, a song!" The Squire called; for he had heard Her singing like a lusty bird, To please his little son one day When dull and weary seemed the way.

Although a bit abashed, the maid To do as she was bid essayed; She faced the gentry, head held high, Caught courage from the Lady's eye; Among her songs made hasty choice And sang out with a clear free voice.

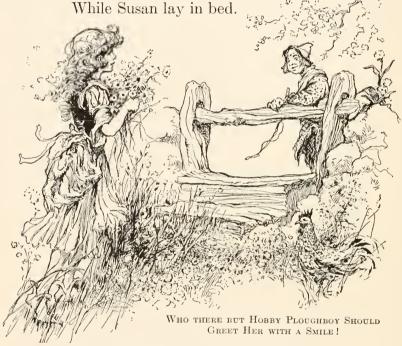


Oh! Dolly rose May morning
To wash her face in dew;
"A prettier maid 'twill make me
If old wives' talk is true."
So Dolly to the meadow sped,
But Susan lay in bed, — Oh!
But Susan lay in bed.



TILL 'BOVE THE BLACK HILL RISING SHE SAW THE SUN'S RED RIM.

So early out was Dolly
The skies were gray and dim,
Till 'bove the black hill rising
She saw the sun's red rim;
And blithe the lark sang overhead,
While Susan lay in bed, — Oh!



The whole green world was dripping With dew as from a shower;—
The drenchéd face of Dolly
Was like a morning flower
All lily-white and rosy-red
But Susan lay in bed,—Oh!
But Susan lay in bed.



"AND SUSAN'S STILL IN BED."

Back through the field tripped Dolly, And when she reached the stile, Who there but Hobby Ploughboy Should greet her with a smile! And pretty words to her he said, While Susan lay in bed, — Oh! While Susan lay in bed.

Then home went blushing Dolly,
While merry birds did chime;
"What! Art thou up?" called Mistress.
"Good lass! for now 'tis time
To milk the cows, to bake the bread,
And Susan's still in bed, — Oh!
And Susan's still in bed.

"Didst think 'twould prettier make thee To wash in May dew clear?
Nay — 'Pretty is,'" quoth Mistress,
'As pretty does,' my dear;
Thou'rt comelier far than Sleepy-head;
Come, Susan, — Quit thy bed — Oh!
— I'll trounce her out of bed!"

## Pretty is as Pretty Does





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## She Scholar.

S lean as was his purse; as pale

As parchments he pored over; frail

In body as a sapling tree — Who but a Scholar could this be?

"Now by my troth," exclaimed the Squire
(Who pity hid 'neath seeming ire),

"Why should he waste himself like this?
All manly life and sporting miss?
Read, starve, and skimp from morn till night
Till all his good red blood turns white
And he is naught but skin and bone?
Best leave the dusty books alone;
More worth, I'll warrant, one's own wit

Than all the stuff dead monks have writ."

But though the Squire pooh-poohed the Greek And other tongues the youth could speak, He could not scorn the Scholar's store Of wisdom gleaned from ancient lore, Nor mock the ardent love of truth That lit the lean face of the youth

The while he uttered discourse sage Befitting graybeards thrice his age.

The Travelers thought that he might spurn, In telling tales, to take his turn; But when the pretty-spoken child Begged for a tale, the Scholar smiled. "'Ri-de si sapis' oft we quote At Oxenford, which words denote In English, 'Laugh, if thou art wise.'" So saying to the great surprise Of young and old, the learned man At once in jocund tone began.



A KING, who was younger than he was wise, was once walking along a road in his kingdom, when all of a sudden he heard some one laughing and laughing so loud and so long that a body listening might have thought the whole world was merry as a wedding-bell. And the king looked about to see who this might be who was so gay of heart.

He had not looked far when, under an apple-tree that stretched its branches over a wall and across the road, he spied a country clown, laughing so heartily that he held his sides lest they should split.

"Come now," said the king, a little crossly, for the royal cook had spoiled the pudding that day and he was not in the best of humor, "what is all this noise about?"

"Well, an it please your Majesty," said the lad, "I had just settled myself for a cat's nap upon the green grass under this fair tree, when down came an apple and bumped me on the nose — ha, ha and ho, ho!" and he laughed as if he never would stop.

"An apple!" repeated the king, who for the life

of him could not see what there was to laugh about. But lest he should show his ignorance, he said no more, and walked away with his head in the air.



"Come Now," said the King, "What is All This Noise About?"

The more he thought of it, however, the more he wanted to know why the clown laughed. So on the very next day he went out and lay down on the green grass under the branches of the apple-tree, and shut

his eyes. Nor had he been there long when, as Fortune would have it, the wind blew by and down fell an apple right on top of his Majesty's nose! Bump! came the apple, and up jumped the king in a great hurry.

"What is there to laugh about in this?" he cried. "My nose is black and blue, I know. That country clown is an idle, prating fellow, and it will be well for him if I never set eyes upon him again."

He did not set eyes upon him for a long time, but one day, as he was walking through his gardens, he heard some one laughing and laughing so loud and so long that a body listening might have thought it was holiday time for the whole world. And when the king looked around to see who it was that made so merry, there was the country clown as dripping wet as if he had turned a somersault in a rain-barrel, but laughing till his sides were like to split.

"So it is you," said the king, frowning at him as hard as he could, "with your noisy laughter! Pray, what is it all about?"

"An it please your Majesty," said the clown, as soon as he could speak, "I only sat down among the roses to wait for my master, who is a seller of cattle to your Majesty, when the gardener came by. 'It has been a hot day and roses will bloom the better for a drink,' quoth he; and splash came a bucket of water about my head—ha, ha and ho, ho!" And he laughed and laughed till the king would fain have laughed with him; but what there was to laugh about he could not for the life of him see.

The more he thought of it, however, the more he wanted to know why the lad laughed; so the very next day, just at the time the gardener watered the flowers, he went out and sat among the roses. And he had not been there long when the gardener came by. He did not dream the king sat among the bushes, no, not he!

"It has been another hot day, and roses will bloom the better for a drink," quoth he; and he emptied his bucket — splash, splash — right upon the king's head!

"Ods splutter!" gasped the king, jumping up in a hurry to the gardener's great astonishment and dismay. "What is there to laugh at in this, I'd like to know." And off he went in a great way, declaring that it would go hard with the merry clown an he found him again.

And just as if the clown had had warning, the king saw and heard no more of him for such a long time that he had almost forgotten him. But one day in winter, as he stood at the palace windows looking out at the snow-covered trees and icy pavements, he heard some one laughing and laughing as if there were not a care in the world. And when he looked to see who it was, there was the merry clown sitting on the pavement holding his sides and laughing as if he would never stop.

"What," said the king, opening the window and calling down to him, "are you still at your foolish laughter? Tell the jest and tell it truly or it will go hard with you."

"An it please your Majesty," said the lad, "I was just passing the palace, and, looking up and seeing your Majesty, I was thinking how pleasant it must be to be a king, when both feet slid from under me,



THE KING MADE THE CLOWN ONE OF HIS CHIEF COUNSELORS.

and the next thing I knew I was sitting here on the ice — ha, ha and ho, ho!"

"A foolish fellow with an empty pate," said the king; but for all of that, he would have liked to know why the clown laughed. And the lad was no sooner out of sight, than the king made haste to walk on the pavement and look up at the windows, just as the clown had done. And as Fortune would have it, when he

came to the ice, out went his feet and down came the king, as mad as a hen that a farm wife has ducked.

"I shall show this clown how to make sport of me. Every bone in my body might have been broken for all he cared!" he cried, as he struggled to his feet again. And he sent and had the clown brought back and cast into the palace dungeon.

"We'll hear no more of his noise," he said to himself. But one morning, not long after, as he was standing in his courtyard, he heard some one laughing and laughing as if it were May morn. And peeping down through a tiny window, into the palace dungeon whence the sound seemed to come, he spied the clown sitting upon his pallet, laughing as heartily as he had laughed under the fair tree when the king first saw him.

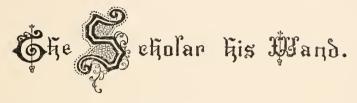
"An it please your Majesty," he cried, when he saw the king looking upon him, "it is far from my wish to disturb your quiet, but as I lay here on my pallet with my heart breaking for a sight of home, I minded me all at once of the day when my little red calf ran between my legs and upset me in a trough of sour milk—ha, ha and ho, ho!" And he laughed till his sides were like to split.

And then the king was puzzled! He was so puzzled that he could not even enjoy the pudding that the royal cook had made for his dinner, though it was as tasty a pudding as was ever brought to a king's table.

"Why should a lad in a dungeon laugh because a red calf once upset him in a trough of sour milk?"

he asked himself a hundred times. And at last, when he could find no reason, he sent and brought the clown out of prison and made him one of his chief counselors.

"For if he knows what his jests mean, he knows more than the king, and so must be a wise man indeed," quoth he.



Scarce had the Joyous Travelers paid the toll Of hearty laughter at the Tale so droll, About the mishaps of the Merry Clown And King with scanty wit beneath his crown, Than once again the Scholar's voice was heard Ere any list'ner from his place had stirred.

And like magician, who with power strange, By waving of his wand, can swiftly change Dull drab to gold, gold tints to rainbow hues, If wizard fancy thus should hap to choose, The Scholar now did change with wondrous skill Their mirth to tears, their tears again at will To tender smiles; e'en though his magic wand Was all unlike that held in wizard hand.

His wand, a simple tale that any child Could understand, — be by its charm beguiled. In silv'ry words 'twas told, and rhythm free, (For he, the Scholar, lacked not poesy). And lo! as the melodious words he spoke, And sympathy in every heart awoke, His own heart was revealed! To journey's end Henceforth he went among them as a friend.



'Twas thrice a hundred years ago, He did his deed of fame, This hero, loved and honored still, Though all unknown his name.

Not valorous prince, not brawny carle, But crippled boy was he, Of tiny form and puny strength, A child of poverty.

The ancient city where he dwelt
Was humble then and small;
Hemmed in by river and by moat
And high encircling wall.

Within were narrow, stony streets,
And, crowded side by side,
Stood quaintly gabled houses, where
The burgher folk did bide.

A bishop stern, with cruel will Ruled o'er the city then. (Alas that tyrants such as he Should be of Christian men!) Fast-locked he kept the city gates;
The folk might never stray
At will beyond the frowning walls—
Their ruler said them nay.

Yet nowhere in the crowded town So closely walled around Could longing burghers find a space For park or pleasure-ground.

And "Oh, for grass! For blooming flowers! For whiff of fragrant breeze!

For yielding earth to sport upon!

For rest 'neath sheltering trees!"

So sighed the people, but in vain;
For, in that long ago,
The lordly prelate ruling them
Would little mercy show.

Though broad and far his acres stretched Beyond the city's pale, With leafy grove, with mossy glen, With field and hill and dale,—

No roaming there would he allow, No foot of ground would yield, Until for many a weary year His people had appealed.

Then, lord-archbishop though he was, With all a tyrant's glee And cunning more of fiend than man, He issued this decree:



HE ISSUED THIS DECREE.

"Ye teasing burghers, have your will.
A portion of my lands
Outside the wall I offer now
To give into your hands.

"And you and yours forevermore This land may freely use; But how it shall be measured out It pleases me to choose. "Find you the feeblest, weakest one Who lives within the town, And let him crawl from break of day Until the sun goes down.

"Just so much land as is inclosed By whatso path he takes, Shall be your future pleasure-ground, Though less or more it makes."

Oh, harsh-conditioned, grudging gift!

Both pain and joy it woke.

Bewildered, sad, they pondered long,

Those kindly burgher folk

Till one, with broken, ling'ring words,
As loath to let them fall,
Began: "Full well we know
(O piteous child!)
The feeblest 'mong us all!

"Tis surely he the task must do, That little crippled boy; None else can win the land to be Our city's lasting joy."

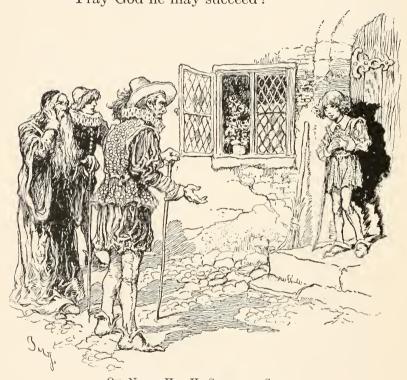
"Nay, nay! We'll ask it not," said some;
"That suffering child! Nay, nay!"

Then some in scorn: "Scarce round one tree
He'd crawl, the whole long day!"

So waxed the tumult, till at last A leading voice outspake:

"Let's to the child. If he refuse, No protest will we make.

"But if, of his own loving heart, He freely dares the deed For us, for ages yet to come, Pray God he may succeed!"



OH, NEVER HAD HE SEEMED SO SMALL.

Then through the town the people surged And reached the place full soon Where dwelt the crippled boy from whom They needs must crave the boon.

Oh, never had he seemed so small, So lame, so frail and weak, As when the thronging people gazed On him they came to seek!

Upon his face a startled look
Of wonder, not of fear,
The while a spokesman tried to make
The people's errand clear.

He listened as that falt'ring voice
Read out the grim decree.
Two burning spots his pale cheeks showed.
(The women wept to see.)

But when he knew himself the one
Who might fulfill the plan,
His childish voice rang full and clear:
"I'll do the best I can!"

Oh, then was cheering in the town!
Albeit sobbing, too.
The child thought of the morrow's task,
Unheeding the ado.

And on that morrow's dawn the sun Sent down its rosy light Upon as wondrous strange a scene As ever met the sight.

Not earlier shone its first faint ray
Than was the crippled boy
Outside the wall in readiness,
His face alight with joy.

And all the dwellers in the town
Were there, both great and small,
To watch the cripple as he tried
To win the land for all.

Upon his thin, sharp little knees,
His tender, blue-veined hands,
The child began his toilsome way
Across the prelate's lands.

Not over path or road he crept,
But through thick brush and brier,
And over sandy stretches hot,
Through ditch and clogging mire.

He tore his way through hind'ring hedge;
Undaunted crossed the brook;
By hill and valley, hour by hour,
His painful way he took.

Slow, slow his progress; and his breath Oft failed him as he crept; But, through fatigue and pain, his look Of high resolve he kept.

And all the sultry summer day The people followed near.

With grateful words, with food and drink, They sought to give him cheer.

They bound his little bleeding knees,
His throbbing temples laved,
And marveled o'er and o'er again
At all the pain he braved.



EXULTANTLY THEY BORE HIM HOME.

But often did their stout hearts quail,
For swift the sun above
Sped on, while slower crawled the child
To work his task of love.

At last, at weary, weary last,
And with the set of sun
The creeping figure neared again
The wall — his task was done.

Oh, pallid was the tiny face,
And limp the fragile frame!
But bright within his drooping eyes
The love-light was aflame.

A circuit wide beyond belief
The child had traversed round.
His willing bravery had won
A noble pleasure-ground.

Exultantly they bore him home
With shouts of grateful joy;
But gladdest in the town was he,
The weary crippled boy.

'Twas thrice a hundred years ago
He did his deed of fame,
Yet still the pleasure-ground he won
The burghers freely claim.

And still does age to age hand down,
Like torch of quenchless light,
This story of the hero child
And Love's all-conquering might.

## The Squire's Lady.

HE Squire's Lady was a gentle dame,

Sweet-faced and quiet; but she soon became

Like mother to that motley company, The Joyous Travelers.

Not seldom she

The pale-faced Scholar would persuade to eat,

By toothsome pasty, or choice bit of meat,

Because he studied overmuch, she feared.

That timid one, the Aunt, she often cheered.

The two Young Maidens, by her watchful care,

An added wrap in chill or damp would wear.

The Young Lord, who was wasteful with his gold,

Received her counsel wise.

To young and old

She ministered. Naught pleased her kind heart more Than thus in deeds its kindness to outpour. What marvel was it that, ere many days, All gave the Squire's Lady love and praise?

So when her tale she told they drew a-near, As eager as her Little Son to hear What this loved Lady had a mind to tell.

No word of hers could fail to please them well.

## Ghe Ghree Bons. Ghe Story told by the Squire's Lady.

ONCE upon a time there was a mother who had three sons; and which of them she loved best she could not have told you.

When she looked on the oldest she thought he was the bonniest lad the sun ever shone upon. When she looked on the youngest she declared that his like was not to be found in the Three Kingdoms. And as for the son who came between the oldest and the youngest, to see him was the delight of her eyes.

The three sons were as unlike as fire and earth and water. The oldest was a loud, merry fellow. When he was in the house it was like living with the North Wind; but when he was out of it the whole place was empty — so his mother said.

The youngest son made no more noise than a mouse. You would never have known that he was in the house; but if he were gone for an hour, his mother said, "How long he has been!"

And as for the one who came between the oldest and the youngest, he was neither noisy nor quiet, but just the most companionable lad in the world, his mother said, and the handiest. Nothing went right on the place unless he was there.

These are the things the mother said about the sons when they were young and still about her knees, and she said the same thing when they were stalwart youths and went out into the world to seek their fortunes.

They went by very different roads, the three sons, though each of them desired to go to the same place,



WHICH OF THEM SHE LOVED THE BEST SHE COULD NOT HAVE TOLD YOU.

and that place the City of the Shining Treasure, where fortunes might be found in plenty, it was told.

The oldest son felt very sure that the only road on which to travel was the one that led over the mountaintops. "The way is steep, but who is afraid of a little climbing?" said he; and he cut himself a stout staff and tramped away.

There were few travelers on this mountain road, and he was oftener alone than in company. But he was never lonely, for the wind whistled through the trees like a merry comrade, and the sun was brighter on the mountain-top than in the valley, or so he thought; and at night the stars were close to him, so close that it almost seemed as if he could touch them.

And though there were yawning chasms and perilous precipices along the way, he won free of all, and in good time reached the City of the Shining Treasure, and went in at the gate.

The youngest son was certain that the woodland road was the one that led to the goal of his desire, and he went that way. Nor did he lack for company, for, though he saw few travelers, the woodland folk—foxes and deer and soft-eyed fawns—were his companions. And as for the wolves and bears that lurked in the shadows, he withstood them all and came out safely beyond the wood to the City of the Shining Treasure and entered in.

The son that came between the oldest and the youngest chose the valley road, which wound on and on, passing by pleasant little wayside cottages set in fair gardens, and stately castles covered with ivy.

And he was never alone. Peddlers with packs, jongleurs with songs, farmers with wheat, mothers with babes, old men with staffs, urchins with goats, maidens with spindles, shepherds with sheep — all of them traveled that way; and he was a friend with every one.

And what with helping one with his pack and an-

other with his lambs, he was a longer time upon the way than his brothers had been, as often happens to one who travels with a crowd. But by and by he, too, came to the end of the road, and found himself at the gate of the City of the Shining Treasure; for there are more roads than one to that wondrous place.



The Youngest Son.

The three sons did not meet in the City, which was not so strange as it may seem, for though each was there to seek and find the Treasure of which the City was said to be full, they went about in very different ways to gain their hearts' desire.

The oldest son was no sooner in the City than every one knew he was there and why he had come; and presently the Lord Mayor sent for him.

"On the topmost pinnacle of the City's towers is the nest of a hawk that preys upon our poultry and gives us no rest. And I have promised to fill the nest

with coins for him who will bring it to me. But none have dared to climb so high," said he.

"Oh, I am used to climbing," said the oldest son; and he mounted to the pinnacle, rid the people of the



PRESENTLY THE LORD MAYOR SENT FOR HIM.

pest, and won the treasure while others were talking about it.

And no sooner were his pockets full than he started for home. But before he went he bought a present for his mother; and the present was a jewel, as clear and as blue as a summer's sky, for her to wear in her hair.

The youngest son dug in the earth with shovel and pick for his treasure. He worked long hours, like other

laborers, and his hands grew hard and his back bent with toil. But by and by he found the treasure, and then those things were of little matter.

"Now I shall go home with my pockets full," he thought. But before he went he bought a present for his mother; and his present was a pair of shoes, made of finest leather, for her little feet.

The son who came between the oldest and the youngest neither climbed nor dug for his treasure. He earned it little by little in the midst of the great city, where he was soon as busy and as helpful as he had been upon the road. It was scarcely so much as a pocketful that he got; but he was content, which is as good as having a fortune. And as he followed his homeward way he plucked a nosegay of early flowers to take to his mother.

Now, all the while the sons were seeking the treasure, the mother was at home thinking of them. There was nothing she could do — bake a pudding for Sunday dinner, feed the chickens in the barnyard, or listen to the pigeons cooing on the roof—that did not remind her of them. And the more she thought of them, the more she wished they were home again.

And one night, as she sat by the window watching the stars and thinking of the lads, there came a loud knock at the door. And when she opened the door there stood the oldest son, brown with the wind and ruddy with the sun, with his fortune in his pockets and his present in his hand.

"My eyes have been aching for the sight of you

since the day you were gone!" cried the mother. And as for the present, it was just what she wanted. If the fairies themselves had asked what she most desired, she said, she would have chosen a jewel; and

nothing would do but that she must

fasten it in her hair.

While she was doing this, there came at the door a soft little tap; and when she hastened to answer it, there stood the youngest son in a workman's smock. with his fortune in his pockets and his present in his hand.

> "There has never been a moment while you were away that I have not wished you back," said his mother. And as for the present, it was Never were such

TO TAKE TO HIS just what she wanted. shoes before!

"The elves must have stolen my shoe-last for the fitting!" said she; for nothing would do but that she must put the shoes on.

And while she was doing this, the door opened and

in walked the son who came between the oldest and the youngest.

"Now everything will go well with us!" cried his mother. "You must mend the latch the first thing in the morn, and look to the kitchen chimney before another day goes by. And what have you brought me?" she asked.

"The flowers of the May to wear on your breast," said the son who came between the oldest and the youngest; and there was no need for her to tell him they were just what she wanted. He saw that for himself as he fastened them in her dress.

"You are bonny lads, the three of you!" said she, as they sat together on the door-stone to watch the stars.

But which of the three she loved the best she could not have told you.



As thro' the land a-bloom with May, The Travelers pursued their way, They saw full many a pleasant sight And varied scene that gave delight.

Here stood a hospitable inn
Where man and beast might comfort win; —
There, village church upon whose spire
The sunshine lit a golden fire;
Again a castle, high aloof,
Or cottage with its straw-thatched roof.

They saw the new-plowed fields of spring That promised future harvesting. Green pastures with slow moving herds, The hedgerows jubilant with birds! The pebbly brook and dimpling pond And hazy hills with clouds beyond.

They passed through silent woods where sweet The early flowers bloomed at their feet. One noon-tide, tempted by the shade And beauty of such place, they stayed To rest awhile; they found it good To linger in the tranquil wood. While there, the Older Sister soon A little song was heard to croon. So sweet the ditty, all were fain To hear again the tuneful strain. Shy-tongued, she answered that the song Did to a certain tale belong;

'Twas such a tale of miracle
As pious nuns devoutly tell,
And happy was she now to find
The blesséd story in her mind;
For no more fitting place could be
To tell of gentle Cicely
Than was this woodland nook serene
'Mid tender flow'rs and shelt'ring green.

So, if her elders would not hold Her too forth-putting, and too bold, And would they give their kind consent, She'd tell how Lady Cicely went A-Maying once, and what befell. The Trav'lers cried, "Tell, prithee, tell!" Then, she, with grave and earnest face, This story told of God His Grace.



OW it so befell that on a certain May morn the Lady Cicely went a-Maying. And there was no fairer sight to be seen on that fair morn than the lady dear, although she had put aside the jewels and gauds and the silken gown wherewith she was used to deck herself, and walked in simple guise; for she had a mind to pass as a rustic maid that day.

Nor did she take with her henchman or servant, but only a little page half sick with longing to hear cuckoo, and see the fields of spring. And indeed, it was because of his beseeching that she went to seek the May. But though she was unattended save for the little page, there was no fear in her heart; for in truth she knew of naught but love and tenderness in the whole world.

And as she went, and the little page with her, from her father's castle through the town that lay below the castle hill, none looked on her to know her, nor did any pay heed to her, for news had but just then come of a Robber Baron close at hand. And all men talked of him, and had neither ears nor eyes for else.

But Lady Cicely and the little page, saying naught

to any one, heard naught of this and so went on their way right merrily.

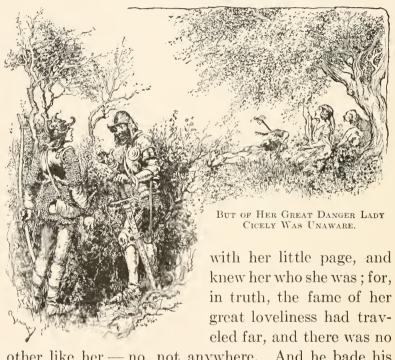


her fair face shining like a star she came among them.

And it so befell that as she wandered in the fields that same Robber Baron whom the town feared drew

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near. And there came with him only his henchman, who loved him mightily, and a bowman of great skill; for he had left the others of his company to wait within a wood. Peering from a green copse on the meadow's edge, the Robber Baron saw the dear maid,



other like her — no, not anywhere. And he bade his henchman take her captive; for said he:

"The king himself would fetch no greater ransom. She is dearer to her father than moneybags or lands, and should I ask even for the castle of his sires, it would be mine to set her free."

But of her great danger Lady Cicely was unaware.

Her hands were filled with blossoms which the little page had plucked, and as she saw their beauty she sang for very happiness:

"O little flowers of the spring,
"Tis by God's grace ye bloom so fair.
He watches you, He watches me,
For He is everywhere."

And lo, as the henchman listened to her song and looked upon her he seemed to see *not* Lady Cicely in the fields with the little page beside her, but his own young daughter who, he could have sworn, was many a mile away! And his feet were holden to the ground and he could not move, let who would bid him go.

And when the Baron saw his plight he bade the bowman seize the Lady Cicely and the little page with her.

"I trow the pair are worth their weight in gold," said he; "and of that gold, ye too shall benefit." And the bowman was nothing loath to do his bidding; but even as he started from his place the Lady Cicely raised her head, and, answering cuckoo as he called, sang sweet:

"O cuckoo-bird upon the bough,
"Tis by God's grace you sing your song;
He watches you, He watches me,
For both to Him belong."

And as she sang, and as the bowman looked upon her, behold, she appeared to him *not* Lady Cicely singing 'mid the flowers, but his sweet sister in whose company he oft had sought the May! And his feet were holden

to the ground and he could not move, although his master raged.

Then said the Robber Baron: "Witchery or no witchery, vision or no vision, yonder maid shall be my prize!" and he would have gone forth from the copse to make her prisoner had it not been that Lady



Cicely and the little page, having plucked their flowers and woven their garlands, turned at the moment homeward. And their path led them close beside the little copse, the young green of which concealed their enemies. So closely did they pass, that by the stretching of a hand the Robber Baron could have hindered them. Yet his hand was holden, for as she passed, the Lady Cicely sang for very happiness:

"The tender flowers, the birds and I,

'Tis by God's grace we greet the May.

He watches us, He watches all,

Fear not, but love and pray."

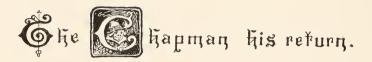
And as she sang, and as he gazed upon her, the Robber Baron seemed to see *not* Lady Cicely with her garlands gay, but the angel face of his own mother, long gone to Paradise. And he fell upon his knees to pray; whence he arose with softened heart and better purpose.

But as for Lady Cicely, she went, and the little page with her, to her father's house as merrily as she had gone forth. Nor did she ever know how great a miracle God's grace had wrought while she was out a-Maying.

#### Lady Cicely's Song







The Chapman with his well-stocked load Oft left the Travelers on the road While he to lonely farmhouse went, On selling of his wares intent. But shrewdly he his plans would make The Joyous Travelers to o'ertake And go with them another stage Of their so pleasant pilgrimage.

With whomsoever he might walk,
He never failed to turn the talk
To "that good ballad" wherewith he
Had entertained the Company.
And just as of his merchandise
He talked with boastful tongue, likewise
He bragged of how his well-stocked brain
Did many tales and rhymes contain.

Think of the chapbooks he had read!
(Though cheap, much thought they merited;)
Then, too, in journeys up and down
The country and to London Town,
More curious matters met his ear
Than Stay-at-homes were like to hear.

The good man was puffed up with pride. Aye — he, 'twas not to be denied,
To choose and tell a tale knew how;
And by their leave, he would right now
While all their roadside dinner ate,
The laughable, brief tale relate
(He knew 'twould please the Company)
Of London and one Barnaby.



THERE was once a lad named Barnaby who had a goose of which he thought as much as most folks think of their silver and gold. But then Barnaby, good lad, was more like himself than he was like other folks, as ye shall hear.

Barnaby was no fonder of Grizel Goose — for this was the name that he called her by — than Grizel Goose was fond of Barnaby. It was as much as he could do to slip away to church on a Sunday without having her at his heels, so closely did she follow him; and it was a rare good sight to see the two together, though there were some folk ill-mannered enough to laugh at it.

Now Barnaby was as contented a lad, with his home and his goose, as might have been found in all England till Larry, his cousin, came down from London Town.

"Barnaby, my lad," said he, "ye'll never thrive as ye might till ye have been about the world a bit. 'Tis travel ye need to make a man of ye. So come ye up to London Town and see the sights," said he.

Morn, noon, and night he was at his talking, till Barnaby, seeing no other way to end the matter, was persuaded to go with him; and the two of them started out on a May morn.

Eh, sirs, 'tis ever fine traveling in May weather. And on the day when Barnaby and his cousin Larry fared along the king's road, the little birds were singing in every bush and hedgerow, and the air was sweet with the smell of spring; and when a body met a body it was "Good day!" and "Good fortune!" between

them, like old friends.

And Barnaby would have fairly enjoyed himself if it had not been for the thought of Grizel Goose left behind at home.

"'Twill be a sad day for Grizel when she must feed from other hand than mine," said he; and he would have turned back if Larry had not heartened him



by fair promises of what London held in store for him.

One foot up and one foot down, This is the way to London Town.

as the old rhyme has it; and Larry and Barnaby lost no time upon their way, ye may be sure. The bells in the steeples, St. Stephen's, St. Ann's, St. Clement's, St. Martin's, the great bell of Bow, and many another, were just ringing the hour of noon when they left the highway for the streets.

Eh, sirs, 'tis ever a marvel to see the streets of London Town; and on the day when Barnaby and his cousin Larry came there the stir and bustle everywhere was enough to set an older and a wiser man than Barnaby a-staring.

Ladies were shopping, gentlemen riding, children playing, carts rumbling. "Rub-a-dub! rub-a-dub!" there went a company of the king's own soldiers, every man of them in a coat red as a cock's comb. And "Ding, dong, dell!" here came a crier with his bell, making enough noise to deafen a body. Aye, and to cap all, the lord mayor himself, in his gilt coach drawn by white horses, was out to take the air.

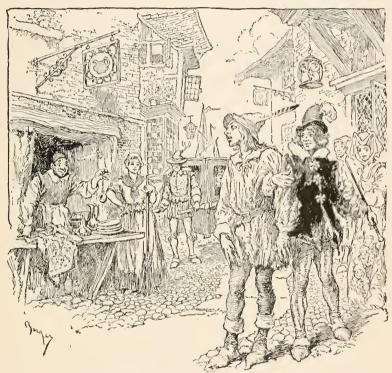
"Saw ye ever the like of it?" said Larry to Barnaby.

"That never did I!" said Barnaby. "But Larry, my lad, London is no place to raise geese, I mistrust me. Grizel would never bide the noise," said he.

Larry was a bit set back by this; but coming just then to the shops, he said nothing.

And indeed there was little use of speaking, because of the noise made by the apprentice lads with their "What do ye lack?" and "What do ye lack?"

Eh, sirs, 'tis ever a merry lot the 'prentice lads of London are; and on the day when Barnaby came to town, every lad of them was out before his master's shop vying with his fellows, with high good spirits, in the selling of wares. Watches, patches, tapers, tinder — indeed, to make a long story short, every merchandise from porringers to velvet gowns was cried by the bold apprentices.



AND LARRY, POOR LAD, WAS FAIN TO HASTE HIM AWAY.

And Larry began to hold up his head and to grow proud of his town again.

"Did ye ever hear the like of it?" he whispered to Barnaby. "Tis little ye lack that may not be bought in London Town, I'll warrant ye," said he.

"Aye, but are there no geese?" said Barnaby,

loudly. "There's a pretty penny to be made in geese. Not that I'd be selling Grizel Goose," said he.

And Larry, poor lad, was fain to haste him away to his lodging lest the apprentice lads should set upon him to make sport of him, for they are aye fond of their fun, the apprentice lads.

But he was eager as ever, was Larry, when the morrow came, to show the sights to Barnaby. And naught would do but that he must have him at the Tower.

"The like of which," said he, "is not to be found in any other land. The king's crown is kept in it, and the lords and ladies who do not to the king's liking, and many another thing besides. But come away, come away, and ye shall see it for yourself!" said he.

Eh, sirs, the Tower of London is ever a grand sight; and on the day when Barnaby and his cousin Larry spied it, standing by the Thames water, with the sun shining fair upon it, it would have awed a braver and a bolder man than Barnaby.

"And what think ye of it?" said Larry.

"Very well, very well," said Barnaby; "and if the keeper of it keeps not geese, he's a man of little sense, say I; for it would be a real pity to miss his opportunity with such a fine body of water at hand. Why, it makes me wish for Grizel!" said he.

And what with his wishing and wearying for his goose, he could bide no longer in London Town, but fared home forthwith.

And it is said by those who know, that Larry, his cousin, did naught to hinder his going.

### Sister.

LL sunshine and laughter was this little maid,

Who twice seven summers had frolicked and played.

The leaves' dancing motion was in her small feet,

Her voice from the birds had caught cadences sweet.

A creature all gayety, brightness, and grace,

The joy of whose heart blossomed out in her face.

The simplest of trifles to please her had power —

A butterfly gay, or a bright wayside flower, The thrush in the thicket, the brook's silver fall,— This Traveler Joyous took pleasure in all.

Not less did she love little posies of rhyme, And ballads, and old tales of "Once on a time." Her favorites fast to her memory clung, And many she had at the tip of her tongue. So when 'neath a hawthorn they tarried one day, All ready was she with a ballad of May.



The sky was pink as hawthorn bloom, that shining first of May,

And little Lucy rose betimes, and to herself did say,

"No laggard will I be this morn, for when my task; are done

Then free am I to gather flow'rs and to my playmates run;

For this is merry May Day, and upon the village green The children meet, with garlands gay, to choose and crown a queen."

So hither, yonder, Lucy sprang, her holiday to earn;

The porridge bowls must Lucy wash, the butter she must churn;

Must beat the feather beds, and then the covers neatly spread,

And by no hand but Lucy's must her own pet lamb be fed.

The chickens, too, and cooing doves — to feed them was her work.

From task to task she singing sped. Not one did Lucy shirk.

Then eagerly she sallied forth, but scarce had reached the gate,

When smote her ear a pleading cry: "O Lucy! Lucy! Wait!"

'Twas little Hal who sobbing showed a finger held apart, —

A tiny bleeding finger; so with tender love-taught art, She soothed the baby brother and his wounded finger bound,

Nor left him till again in glee his laughter echoed round.

"Now I must haste indeed," quoth she, and tripped adown the lane,

When brother Jock called out to her, and Lucy stopped again.

"O sister! See how sad a rent is in my doublet torn!

I prithee let your needle's work correct that of the thorn. Your nimble hands will quickly do this kindly deed for

me,

You'll still have many shining hours for merrymaking free."

Right willingly the little maid the woeful rent did mend. Who would not for a lad like Jock her labor gladly spend?

Then once again she started out. (The sun was climbing high!)

"I'll take," she thought, "the path that runs old Goody's cottage nigh,

For blue her hill with violets, her field is flower-strewn,

Like gold the cowslips shine; yes, there I'll fill my basket soon!"



RIGHT WILLINGLY THE LITTLE MAID THE WOEFUL RENT DID MEND.

But Goody called, in feeble voice, "Oh Lucy, will you bring

To me, who lie here helpless, some cool water from the spring?"

And Lucy's heart of pity then could hold no other thought

Until the sparkling water to the sick dame she had brought.

This done, the little maiden went with joy upon her way,

And soon was plucking eagerly the flowers sweet and gay.

The pink-tipped daisy, primrose pale, and violets blue and white,

Foxglove and harebell from the wood, she gathered with delight.

And all the while she heard the birds right gayly chirp and sing;

The clear-voiced cuckoo called to spread the joyful news of spring,



UNTIL THE SPARKLING WATER TO THE SICK DAME SHE HAD BROUGHT.

The throstles fluted chants of love above their half-built nest.

"I've flowers a-plenty," Lucy said. "I'll weave them now, and rest."

A butterfly, white-winged and frail, lit on a fragrant spray.

"You fairy creature! You, like me, delight in flowery May!"

A tiny field mouse scurried off, "What now? Is your home near?



"Come, Lucy, Come," and toward Her Trooped the Village Children All.

- Poor frightened thing! I wish you knew that I am naught to fear!"
- Then Lucy glimpsed a squirrel spry, that leaping reached the wood.
- "Dear Bunny! When I come again I'll bring to you some food."
- Thus softly talked the little maid, and wove her wreath the while.
- The face bent o'er her work was bright with radiant, happy smile,
- For she was thinking of her mates; of which should be the queen.
- "There's Hildegarde. Her golden hair would grace the crown, I ween!
- There's dancing Tess, whose nimble feet are light as thistledown;
- And merry Joan; now surely one of these will wear the crown."
- But in upon her thoughts there broke a ringing, singing call.
- "Come, Lucy, come!" And toward her trooped the village children all.
- "Oh, hasten, Lucy, hasten! We will dance and sing and play!
- For everything is ready now, to crown the queen of May.
- Yes, everything is ready there, upon the village green;
- And 'tis you, 'tis you, dear Lucy, we have chosen for our queen!"

## The Young Kord's Servant.

HE Servant that the Young Lord had Seemed but a jolly, long-limbed lad;
But he had shown such service true
That well his worth the Young Lord knew,

And so would smilingly permit
The lad to use his ready wit
And readier tongue, e'en wheresoe'er
He pleased — and that seemed everywhere!

The portly Nurse sniffed, "Such disgrace!

The lout should better know his place!"
But all the others were content,
He caused them so much merriment.
They seemed not of his jokes to tire,
And when, by his Young Lord's desire
He told a comic tale, they roared,
And called "Again!" with one accord.
For though the Nurse before had chid,
Not even she her laughter hid!



ONCE upon a time a farmer caught a fox alive, and so proud was the good man of his skill that naught would do but that he must take his captive to the Fair.

"There'll be no greater sight to be seen than Master Fox, I'll warrant ye," he said to his wife. "Aye, and many a one whose barnyard he has harried will thank me for my deed!"

And when he had bestowed the fox in a basket, the lid of which he secured as tightly as if he had a Welsh giant inside, he started to the Fair upon his old gray horse.

The basket was fastened on his back, for all the world like a chapman's pack; and as Fortune would have it, whom should he meet on the road but one of that guild, an inquisitive fellow who liked to know something of everything.

"Tell me what is in your pack, and I will tell you what is in mine," he called to the farmer.

That good man had no time to hear a list of the chapman's wares, and he said so plainly; but what he himself carried he would just as lief tell as not.

"'Tis the master fox of all the foxes," quoth he;

"and it was by a right cunning device that I caught him. I wonder that I thought of it. But the truth is, I found the hole by which he came into the chickenhouse, and I fastened the mouth of a sack about it. 'For,' said I to myself, 'he will come through the hole and into the sack unawares, and then I shall have him.' And I sat me down beside the sack to wait. Aye, it was a weary task for one who goes to bed with the birds and gets up with the same. But I am a man of determination, as my father was before me; and having made up my mind to sit, so sat I. And the night had not turned when Master Fox came, trip, slip, through the hole and into the sack. Nor was he in, before I had him fast. The finest fox, I warrant ye, ever caught alive!

"And what will ye do with him now ye have caught him?' says the good wife. 'He must off to the Fair,' says I; 'and there'll be no greater sight to be seen. Aye, and one that many a man will rejoice to see, for the feathers of more fowls than I can count at the moment lie at his door.'"

"I, too, am going to the Fair, with ribbons and laces and bodkins and knives, with ointments and needles and—" began the chapman; but no sooner had the farmer finished his own story than, jog-trot, he was off and away.

He had not gone far when he met an old woman. She was as full of words as the chapman's pack was full of baubles, and what she did not know might have been measured in a thimble, if all she thought of herself had been true.

"If it is milk that ye have in the basket, 'twill be churned to butter before ye reach the Fair," she cried to the farmer.

"Tis no milk, but a fine live fox that stole my Candlemas goose from under my very nose," said the

farmer. "But I have been too clever for him in the end. And the way it befell was this: I fastened the mouth of a sack about a hole—"

"Ye should not have done that!" cried the dame. "The only way to catch a fox—"

"But I have caught him, dame. He lies in the basket," protested the farmer.



"Aye, but there is a better way!" cried the dame. But jog-trot, no sooner had the farmer seen that she had no mind to hear him than he was off and away.

He did not draw rein again till he came to a lad who was servant to a great man. And a well-behaved lad he was, and one of great civility.

"Well, farmer," said he, "and what have ye in the

basket?" Though it was more by way of greeting that he asked than from any common curiosity.

"A fine fox," said the farmer, "which I caught alive by a most cunning device. I fastened the mouth of a sack—"

"Aye," said the serving-lad. "Tis many a fox I have caught myself by a very similar device. It is easy as child's play when ye know the trick, is it not?"

But, jog-trot, the farmer was off and away, ere the civil lad could wish him good luck and a long life.

Jog-trot up the hill and jog-trot down again rode the farmer, and in the course of time he came to the Fair, where the news of his coming had gone before him, as is the fashion of news.

Everybody at the Fair was on tiptoe to see what he had brought, for the reports had been divers, and none knew for certain if it were fox or unicorn.

But the farmer made haste to tell them the whole truth concerning his adventure.

"Tis the very same fox, beyond doubt," said he, by way of conclusion, "that stole away the bailie's red cock, Goody Green's lame duck, Dame Gurton's brown hen, Long Tom's speckled pullet, and the gray goose of the parson, worthy man.

"A great thief he is and a fine fox; but ye shall see for yourselves," said he, unfastening the cord and lifting the lid of the basket a bit that the foremost might peep in.

And it would have been a proud moment for the farmer had it not been for one thing. The fox was



"'TWAS NO WAY TO CARRY A FOX!" CRIED GOODY KNOW-IT-ALL.

not in the basket! Which is plain truth and no riddle, for while the farmer had talked and trotted, and trotted and talked, Master Fox had cut his way out of prison with the same sharp teeth that had played such havoc with all the fowls mentioned before, and a neat job he had made of it, as the hole that he left in the basket showed.

"Twas no way to carry a fox, as I could have told ye on the road," cried Goody Know-It-All, who had come up by this time, puffing and blowing like a house afire.

But, as for the farmer, he stood with round eyes and gaping mouth and not a word to say. And if he has not moved, he is standing there still.

#### The Scotch Maid.

UCH service as the faithfulest knight To loved king gives, as due and right, The Aunt for many a year had known From this Scotch Maid, who, stern as stone

In seeming, had not failed to prove How strong and loyal was her love.

'Mid Scottish hills, her native place;

And 'twas as though her rugged face
Their dark, unsmiling impress bore,
So grave the looks the Scotch Maid wore.
But when her seldom smile did flit
Across her sober face, it lit
Her lake-blue eyes, as sunny beam
Through highland mists sets lakes a-gleam!
Then nigh to bonny was the maid,
Though never long the bright look stayed.

Not Scotch her mother, who as bride,
A Norseman's daughter, tall, star-eyed,
By Scottish lover was brought home,
From Norroway across the foam.
The blood of bards was in her veins,
And often in poetic strains,
She told her children as they grew
Strange tales of that strange land she knew,

Where brilliant shines the midnight sun, And darkness half a year drags on. Where fiords for leagues invade the land, Rocks, mountain high, on either hand.

The maid had listened, hour by hour, Charmed by her mother's bardlike power, And still in memory held dear The tales that pleased her childish ear.

Of this, the Travelers knew naught.
So stern and silent she, none thought
To hear a Tale from her, until
. Abruptly as a mountain rill
Bursts from its icy bonds, she broke
Her silence; and, half-chanting, spoke
As if an unseen harp she heard,
And to it tuned her every word.

# Play of the Colden Karp.

#### The Story told by the Scotch Maid.

LAF of the Golden Harp dwelt in the King's house, and sang to the King's daughter, the while the King sailed the high seas to win fortune and glory.

Olaf the Harper was an old man. His hair was white as the hoar-frost, and his beard was like snow upon his breast. And he was of great renown. How many kings he had sung before, who can tell? There had been none to equal him when he was young, and even now that he was old, there came, ever and anon, messengers to bid him here and there. But always they returned to their lords saying: "Olaf of the Harp has turned child in his old age." For he would sing only to the daughter of the King.

The daughter of the King was like the bloom of May for loveliness. Her eyes were like the bluebells, her skin was like the snowdrop, and her hair like the cowslips in the sun. And she was young; the years of her life all told were but five.

Her mother, the Queen, was dead, and the King, her father, sailed the seas; but Olaf the Harper was as mother and father to her. There was naught in the whole world he loved so well as the King's daughter—save one thing only, and that one thing his Harp of Gold.

Oh, the Golden Harp of Olaf! Its sound was like the singing of stars, and the music of waters. There



OLAF OF THE GOLDEN HARP SANG TO THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

land, whence the Harper came. Some said it was the gift of a mighty troll. Some whispered that it had been fashioned by a magic, the secret And who knew the

was no other harp to equal it, — no, not in all of Norroway. And where Olaf got it, who can tell? Some said that the sea had cast it up on the shores of Snow-

of which had been long since lost. truth?

But all knew this; better than gold, better than praise, better than power, Olaf the Harper loved his Harp. There was naught on earth he loved so well, save only the little daughter of the King.

Every day Olaf of the Golden Harp sang to the King's daughter — sang of the long nights of winter,

and the bright days of summer; of the trolls of darkness and the frost giants; of Fenris the Wolf that swallows the daylight; and of the great hammer of Thor, the Thunderer, who makes such a noise in the sky. But of all the songs that he knew, the King's little daughter loved best to hear the one that told of her father, the King, who sailed the seas:

\* A ship is out upon the sea,
The King's ship! The King's ship!
Its purple sails spread to the gales,
Sailing home to thee.

Its sails are set for Norroway, The King's land! The King's land! The oarsmen spring, the oars to swing, Hastening home to thee.

The King stands on the rolling deck—Skoal to him! Skoal to him! All helmed in gold, a viking bold, Sailing home to thee.

And oh, what will the King bring, Sailing home, sailing home? An armlet bright, with gems bedight, And silver ring for thee.

A treasure-chest with baubles filled — Sail, ship! Sail, ship!
A silken gown, a cloak of down,
He'll bring home to thee.

So sang Olaf of the Golden Harp; and it became the custom whenever he played upon the Harp for the King's little daughter to say:

"Sing of the King my father, and what he brings to me."

Olaf the Harper sang, but the King tarried; and it began to be whispered in his halls that he would come no more. It was whispered in his halls that he was dead; and the whispering went beyond the King's house and reached his enemies. Whereupon they came thundering at the gates, saying, "Open to us, for this house we shall possess!"

Then those whom the King had left in his halls began to tremble. And Olaf the Harper knew that unless he saved the Golden Harp and the King's little daughter and himself they would fall into the hands of the King's foes.

There was a way to safety if he dared try it. In the King's house there was a little door of which none knew save Olaf and the King; and the door opened on a stair not built by man.

A fearsome stair was this one! Its steps were the gray crags that jutted out from a cliff side, and wall it had none save the cliff. One far below the other, the crags jutted out above a narrow strip of shore where the blue sea beat; and only a man with a sure foot, a strong arm, and a steady head dared venture upon them.

Olaf had come by this stair to the King when he was in the fullness of manhood — aye, and gone down it, merrily, in the King's company more than once. But now he was old. Yet if he could slip away unnoticed in the stir, with his Harp upon his back be-



neath his mantle, he was fain to try the way again. Hidden in a secret place at the cliff's foot was the King's boat; always he kept it there. And it would not be the first time that Olaf and his Harp had traveled upon deep waters, could he but launch the boat!

Aye, but to save the King's daughter was another matter. He would have no hand to spare for her if he went down the way of the rocks. Then thought Olaf the Harper:

"What of the King's daughter upon my back and the mantle around her?"

But oh, the Golden Harp of Olaf with its sound like the singing of stars and the music of waters!— the Harp that came from no man knew where, and which all men envied him! the strings of which no fingers but his own had ever touched! How could he leave it? The daughter of the King was the daughter of the King; but the Harp was Olaf's own. And he snatched it from the wall where it hung, strapped it upon his back, and hid its gold within his mantle of red. Come what would, he must win it free.

But oh, the daughter of the King with her bluebell eyes and her snowdrop skin, and her hair like cowslips in the sun! How could he leave her? The Golden Harp was Olaf's own; but the daughter of the King was the daughter of the King,—and her mother was dead.

"I must win her free!" said Olaf the Harper; and he unstrapped the Harp, fastened the child in its

place, and covered the gold of her hair with his mantle of red.

Then, stealing on tiptoe, by devious ways, slipping along like a shadow on the wall, he gained

the door unseen. And passing through it, he swung himself down from crag to crag, till he stood in safety on the sea-beat shore.

"A ship is out upon the sea — The King's ship! The King's ship! Its purple sails spread to the gales, Sailing home to thee,"

he crooned to soothe the child on his back.

And even as he sang, he spied upon the waters before him a great ship with gilded

HE GAINED THE DOOR

prow and purple sails! As in a dream he saw it come like a great bird skimming over the waves.

Nearer, and nearer, and nearer it came; the dip

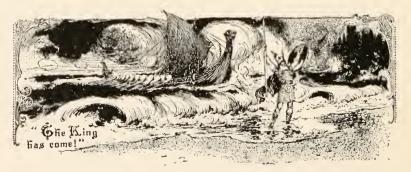
of tarred oars sounded in his ears; bearded men leaped ashore to greet him; and there was one among them who wore a golden helmet.

"The King has come!" cried Olaf of the Golden Harp.

"And has he brought my treasure-chest and my silver ring?" asked the King's daughter, peeping out from 'neath the mantle.

Now how the King and his men went up the steep stair and through the little door to answer the thundering cry of the enemy at the gate; how the enemy rode away faster than they had come; and how the King brought out from his ship's hold more wonderful treasures for his little daughter than even Olaf had dreamed of; all these things Olaf made into a song, and sang it to the King's daughter as they sat, safe and happy once more, in the King's house.

And oh, the Golden Harp of Olaf, with its sound like the singing of stars and the music of waters! Never was there harp like that harp, nor days like those days!





ROM snowy plume that waved upon His velvet hat, to gems that shone From buckles of his shoes, all gay And costly the Young Lord's array. Of satin was his doublet made, His velvet cloak, thrown back, displayed A crimson lining. Ah, in truth A Star of Fashion was the youth

At first sight of his gay attire,
"Too fine a bird, this," quoth the Squire,
"To flock in with us sober folk!"
But soon of the Young Lord all spoke
In praise, declaring him to be
The very Pink of Courtesy.

For he would listen, hat in hand, When ladies spoke; would always stand Till they were seated; everywhere
Served ladies first with gallant care.
What though well-ordered as a girl's
He kept his flowing flaxen curls?
What though he were pranked out, bedight?
He proven was a Noble Knight.

In him bloomed fair each courtly grace. Well known his ancient house and race, About which clustered tales and rhymes, As o'er old walls thick ivy climbs. This tale from his ancestral lore, Like one leaf plucked from myriads more, He chose; and told, with modest mien, About Sir Geoffrey and the Queen.



ORTH upon a gracious errand Rode the Queen in majesty To the manor of Sir Geoffrey, There to plant a hawthorn-tree.

Heralds, soldiers, lords, and ladies,
With her rode, a gorgeous train,
Splendid as a fairy pageant
Moving over hill and plain.

Oh, a knight of knights was Geoffrey!
Noblest virtues in him grew;
Right he loved and wrong he hated;
Loyal was, and pure and true.

Golden were his house's records;
Sire and son, the long line down,
Lustrous names had left; and Geoffrey's
Shone like theirs with bright renown.

Bold in battle, wise in counsel,
Ever had he served so well
Queen and country, that his sovereign
Bade him some fond wish to tell.

"Crave what boon thou wilt, 'tis granted,'
Spake the Queen in accents kind;
"Gift of riches, lands, or jewels —
Thy free choice shall favor find."

Answered Geoffrey lowly bending; "Pardon, O most gracious Queen, But 'tis not for gift or guerdon
I thy willing knight have been.

"Loyalty and love have led me, Not the thought of any gain." Then the Queen, "Yet sign of favor 'Tis our wish thou shouldst obtain."

"By thy grace, then," answered Geoffrey,
"This the boon I crave of thee:
Ride, I pray thee, to my manor;
Plant beside its door a tree."

Oh, then laughed the foolish courtiers!

But the Queen, who knew his heart,
Said, well pleased: "So be it, Geoffrey.

Peerless knight I trow thou art."

Therefore by her train attended, Forth she fared from London Town; Came betimes where Geoffrey's manor Seemed the green clad hill to crown.

Centuries old, its lofty towers, Chimneys huge, and massive walls; Black with time the oaken rafters In its hospitable halls.

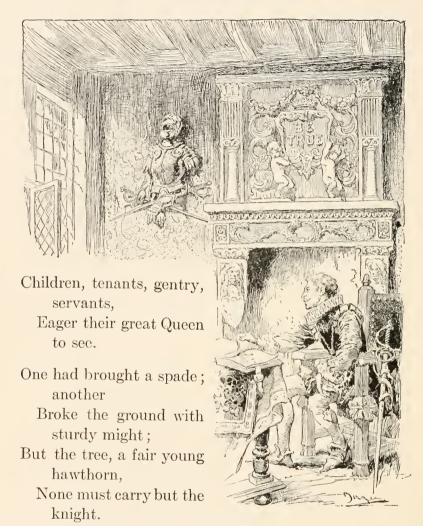


Carved above the great wide fireplace
Was "Be True," in letters bold —
Cherished motto of Sir Geoffrey
Handed down from days of old.

And the Queen's eyes lit with pleasure.

"Ah," she thought; "that high behest
In his heart is also graven
As his life doth give attest."

All the country-side had gathered For the planting of the tree —



With her own white hands the Queen then Set the sapling in the ground,
Took the spade herself and scattered
Rich brown mold its roots around.



"Grow, thou little tree!" the Queen said.
"Day by day and year by year
With thy beauty bless this manor,
Making glad the dwellers here.

"Sweeten Maytimes with thy fragrance, When with snowy blossoms drest; By thy leafy boughs' green shelter, Lure the song-birds here to nest. "Grow, till Geoffrey's children's children, Sporting 'neath thy shade are seen. Little tree, in strength and beauty Grow and keep my memory green."

Hushed the company had listened
While their royal lady spoke.
Now "God save the Queen! God save her!"
In a mighty shout outbroke.

\* \* \* \* \*

Years and years have passed full many Since that gracious deed was done. Queen and courtiers, lords and ladies, Humble folk, all, all are gone.

But beside the ancient manor
Of Sir Geoffrey may be seen
Still that cherished tree, the hawthorn,
That was planted by the Queen.

## **Ö**he **S**guire.

HE Squire was a man of worth,
Of burly form and goodly girth;
His voice rang loud as hunting-horn;
Few graces did his speech adorn
And yet of this one soon thought less
Than of his hearty friendliness;
Nor could his manners bluff disguise
The kindness beaming from his eyes.

He deeply loved his gentle wife And little son; aye, more than life. Their welfare was his heart's desire. Withal, he was a faithful Squire To tenantry of his domain, And kept his honor without stain.

His best known lore was fields and brooks Scant was the time he gave to books. (They set him yawning, he confessed,)
Nor did he use his quill with zest.
In song or "catch" he loved to chime,
His big hand beating out the time;
And ballads pleased him mightily.
With rhyme and rhythm bounding free
They galloped into his old brain,
He said, tho' most escaped again.

The tales and ballads new and old. Such as the Joyous Travelers told, So caught his simple mind that he In each an actor seemed to be. Right vexed he grew with knight and knave Who paid the smith, but no thanks gave: The baron bold he would have fought: The lad's new lance have quickly bought; At Master Fox he roared with glee. "Of course the rascal would get free!" Endeavored, with the shepherdess, The riddles of the king to guess; For Barnaby he found excuse — "Good lad!" he cried, "to love his goose. Love I not well my horse and hound? Faith, better friends are seldom found Than bird or beast. If that you doubt, As proof I'll tell the tale about:

411



There was a young squire of the North Country who rode to the hunt one day —

A gallant youth, a stalwart youth,A youth of parts was he,As brave a lad as ever livedIn England's North Countree.

And it chanced that, as he rode, he far outstripped his comrades, and, missing his way, came alone to a great green plain that lay glittering in the sun beyond a wood.

> No rock or mound or hollow marred The widespread, level green; As soft as velvet was the turf, And bright with emerald sheen.

Never before had the youth seen the place; and as he looked about him in bewilderment, there came from out the wood to graze upon the green grass a wild horse.

As white as milk his satin coat, And silver bright his mane; With arching neck and flowing tail, He pranced upon the plain.

So beautiful was this milk-white horse that the young squire caught his breath at the sight of him, and, for

fear of startling him, sat upon his own steed as if he were carven of stone. But quiet though he was, the wild horse took fright at him, and, galloping into the woods, came forth no more that morn.

With such swiftness did he come and go that the young squire was fain to doubt his own eyes; and because of this, he determined to say naught to any one of his adventure. Nor did he; but on the morrow's morn he rode again beyond the wood to where the green plain shone, and watched there longingly.

And again he saw the horse with milk-white coat and glistening mane come from the wood; and this time, if the horse saw the squire, he showed no fear, but ate his fill in peace.

The youth he looked, the youth he gazed.
"No horse like this," quoth he,
"Could e'er be found, though one should search
Through all the Kingdoms Three."

But on this day, as on the day before, the young squire kept his counsel and said naught to any one of what he had seen.

The third day he rode to the plain and watched and waited. But when, as before, the white horse came from the wood, he rose suddenly in his stirrups and with a cunning hand threw a rope that, turning and twisting across the plain like lightning across the sky, fell upon the neck of the wild horse and held him fast.

Then high in air the wild horse sprang;
From side to side he leapt;
With rage he ran, with terror plunged,
Yet still was captive kept.

Struggle as he would, the wild horse could not free himself, and at last he stood still, all a-quiver and weary, and fought no longer. Then went the young squire to him to stroke his flanks and smooth his mane and look into his eyes. And true as truth it is that from that very hour the two were friends.

And oh, it was a gladsome day,
A gala day indeed,
When proud as any king, the youth
Brought home the milk-white steed!

The news of the marvelous capture quickly spread, and many there were in the North Country who came to see the Wonder-Horse in the squire's stable. And there were many who longed to possess the horse, and offered silver and gold enough for a man's ransom for him.

Even the king sent messengers to inquire of the youth his price. But for one and all he had the same answer:

"No hand but mine to guide his course The Wonder-Horse shall know; Alike we two shall fare and thrive, Fast friends, come weal, come woe."

And thereafter, at chase or tournament or wheresoever gallant deeds were done, the young squire and his Wonder-Horse were found.

And the fame of the two grew apace and spread so wide that at last an outlaw king in a far place heard of them.

"This is a doughty squire," quoth he, "But, by my woodland throne,

Before the moon shall shine again That horse shall be mine own."

And upon a dark night, when those who dwelt in the North Country were asleep in their beds and



dreaming of no harm, the outlaw king, with a band of daring men, stole away the Wonder-Horse from the squire's stable. Nor did the king leave any trace behind him to show whence he came or whither he went.

The morrow's morn was a sorrowful one for the young squire. Yet, though his heart was so heavy, he could but hope that he might find and win back his treasure. And forthwith he began to devise ways and means by which he might accomplish this. Day after day he thought of little else, and at last, disguising him-

"That Horse Shall Be Mine Own." and at last, disguising himself as best he might, he left his home and friends and went from land to land seeking the Wonder-Horse.

A weary way, a woeful way, In doubt and dark despair The lonely youth, the seeking youth Did wander here and there. Wherever fine horses might be seen, at races, fairs, and market-places, he went; but of the milk-white horse he caught no glimpse and heard no word. And he began to be afraid that his quest was in vain.

But one day, as he stood in a strange market-place, he heard a fellow say to another: "As much silver as

my hat will hold, will my master give to him who tames the wild horse in his stable."

And at the words the young squire's hopes leaped high.

"Good fellow," said he, "I am young in years, yet have I much knowledge of horses and their ways; and to tame your master's steed I will adventure."

"Not so fast, gentle youth," whispered one who stood near



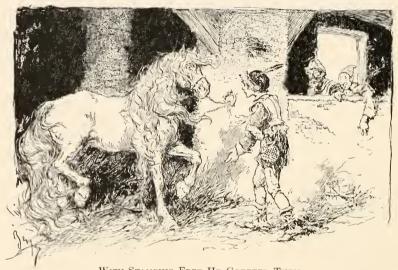
"As Much Silver as My Hat Will Hold."

by; "for more than one man has tested his skill with this same horse and got nothing but broken bones."

But when the young squire heard this he was all the more eager to see the horse, and he bade the fellow lead him to his lord.

Then by a winding way they went, By stream and fearsome fell. By hill and crag and tangled path, And marshy moor and dell.

And as they went the young squire questioned the fellow concerning the horse, though with much caution.



WITH STAMPING FEET HE GREETED THEM.

"Tis said among those who have observed," quoth he, "that a great spirit is often found in a black horse. Is the horse of your lord of such color?"

"Nay," said the fellow. "Tis white as a lamb newly washed; but never was horse of black or any other color whatsoever possessed of so evil a spirit. Ten men go limping because of him."

"White horses oft have manes of gray," said the youth. "Is it so with this one?"

"Nay, the mane is silver white and dazzling to the eye," answered the man; "but what matters that? 'Tis an ill-tempered beast for all its silver mane." But by now they had come to the forest lord's dominion and there was no time for further talk.

The kingdom of this lord was an awesome place; and no less forbidding than his kingdom was the lord himself.

> As black as midnight was his hair, His sunburnt cheeks deep red; His eagle glance was cold and stern, And stern the words he said.

But when he had questioned the youth, he was fain to let him try his skill upon the horse; and he bade his henchman show the way to the stable where the wild creature was kept.

> As white as moonlight there he stood; His eyes were like a flame; With stamping feet he greeted them Right fiercely as they came.

But fierce as he was, no sooner had the young squire laid his hand upon his flanks, and smoothed his mane, and looked into his eyes, than the horse knew him and stood like a lamb beneath his touch! Nor when at the youth's word a saddle was brought and strapped upon him did he resist, but bore all things in gentle wise. And the squire rode forth upon him.

The forest king astounded saw;
"Huzza!" loud called the men,
Nor dreamed it was the doughty squire.
They cheered and cheered again.

Three times he paced his steed before the king; then, with a loosened rein and whispered word, he of a sudden bade the good horse go, and sped away like bird set free from cage.

And of the watching throng there was not one who guessed his purpose till on the wind there came a call:

"Know this, O king: Ill gained, soon lost.

And hear, ye outlaw band!

Whose hand should tame the Wonder-Horse
If not his master's hand?"

As fast as they could mount, the outlaw king and his men rode after the young squire. Yet would he have won free of all had not an arrow from a henchman's bow overtaken him.

Sore wounded from his horse he fell; "Now spent am I indeed!"
Quoth he, as all alone he lay;
For on had sped his steed.

Yes, gone his horse, his friends were far;
Pursuing foes drew near;
Hope died within the squire's heart.
What help could reach him here?

But as he lay there sorrowful, he felt the touch of a soft muzzle on his hand; and looking up, he saw that the Wonder-Horse had returned to him, and, like a faithful comrade, was standing guard beside him.

He was still waiting there beside his master when the outlaw king and his men came riding up; and great was their amazement when they beheld the faithfulness of the beast which they had deemed so wild.



Sore Wounded from His Horse He Fell.

"Now by my word," the king declared,
"Such love I ne'er did see
"Twixt man and beast, and for that love
The two shall ride forth free."

And when the young squire was healed of his wounds he rode forth, without let or hindrance, upon the Wonder-Horse to his own place.

Oh, that had been a gladsome day,
A gala day indeed,
When first the Squire had galloped home
Upon the love-tamed steed.

But gladder far the joyful day
When after trials sore,
And weary search and absence long,
The two came home once more.

A faithful friend, that brave young Squire, Nor less a faithful friend Was he, the milk-white Wonder-Horse, And here the Tale doth end.

But 'tis a Tale North Country folk
Of telling never tire,
This — of the love 'twixt man and beast —
Good horse and gallant Squire.



Now it befell that the Joyous Travelers drew near to the parting of their ways, and gentle sorrow filled their hearts. "But we shall meet again," the Squire declared. Nor would he rest till each and all had promised him sometime to sit beside his fire.

There might, quoth he, be finer Halls than his, but certes, none where warmer welcome would await the guests. They should disport at will, indoors or out, sing, dance, tilt, ride or hunt—whate'er they would—but come they must. "And prithee bring more tales to tell!" besought the Squire's Little Son.

So with "We meet again" first one and then another said farewell and yet again farewell till all were gone.









